THE TOMMYKNOCKERS

(Part II)

teleplay by Lawrence D. Cohen

based on the novel by Stephen King

First Draft
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ACT I

EXT. ANDERSON/GARDENER BATHROOM/BEDROOM - DAY

Gard shaving, Bobbi showering. Plenty of hot water for both of them as they talk back and forth.

GARD
It was spooky. All of them green.

BOBBI
It's been a week now. How long are you going to carry on about this?

GARD
Everybody standing there gaping like zombies watching Elvis' return.

She turns off the shower, reaches out for a towel.

BOBBI (cont)
Do you realize how ridiculous you're starting to sound?

As she steps out and wraps the towel around her, he catches a glimpse of her: thinner than we've seen her.

GARD
And you -- you're starting to look like a bag of bones.

BOBBI
Thanks a heap.

She glances at her reflection in the mirror -- he's right, she is looking gaunt. But she likes it:

BOBBI
Say what you want -- I feel wonderful.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BATHROOM

As Peter solemnly sits watching Gard dress in the bedroom, Bobbi is about to brush her teeth -- toothpaste in one hand, brush in the other.

GARD
Tell me this: if it's all so wonderful why do I still have it?

BOBBI
What?

GARD
The feeling that you're in trouble.

CONTINUED:

With an almost hypnotic intensity, she pulls her lips back, bares her teeth.

BOBBI
I'm fine.

She presses a molar with her forefinger. It wiggles, then comes out in her hand. She stares at it -- and smiles.

BOBBI (cont)
Just fine.

GREEN RAYS FILL THE SCREEN

But these aren't coming from the thing in the woods. These are more prosaic although no less horrific. We're in

INT. DERRY HOME HOSPITAL - RADIOLOGY LAB - DAY

As Hilly is subjected to that battery of TESTS Western doctors prescribe when they don't have a clue -- SKULL X-RAYS, CAT-SCAN, SPINALS, EKGs etc. High tech real gadgetry that's as scary to adults as kids. Ev waits anxiously in the hall outside, not allowed in.

INT. MEDICAL LAB X-RAY SIDE ROOM - DAY

A NEUROLOGIST, RADIOLOGIST, NURSE and X-RAY TECHNICIAN crowd around to examine the X-rays on the fluorescent screen:

X-RAY TECHNICIAN
There -- near the cerebral cortex. Do you see it?

RADIOLOGIST
See it? It's huge.

NEUROLOGIST
It's clearly a mistake.

X-RAY TECHNICIAN
That's what I thought. So I took another set.

A new set of X-rays come up on the lighted screen:

NEUROLOGIST
It's impossible -- a brain tumor that big the kid would be history.

NURSE
That poor little boy.

EV
What's wrong with him?

They turn to find Ev in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE
Sir, you're not supposed to be in here.

EV
What's wrong with my grandson?

NEUROLOGIST
We're working on two or three lines of inquiry --

EV
Cut the crap. Is he gonna die?

A long beat; then with uncharacteristic medical candor:

NEUROLOGIST
We don't know.

INT. JUNQUE-A-TORIUM - AFTERNOON

Mabel examines the list of supplies Gard's given her:

MABEL
An order this big'll take a little while. At least an hour.

GARD
I'll go do some errands.

She's soldering some sort of contraption behind the counter.

GARD (cont)
What's that you're working on?

MABEL
Oh, just an idea I came up with.
(in confidence)
It's an automatic silver polisher. You know how folks hate to do it -- sooner eat off stained stuff -- well, this is gonna set them free! And it's gonna make me rich -- filthy rich!

INT. HAVEN POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Ruth on the phone with Butch up in Derry:

RUTH
I can't help it, Butch -- I keep thinking we missed something.

BUTCH
Speaking of missing, if I can break away this weekend, what do you say to a little fishing trip?

CONTINUED:

RUTH
Seriously -- I keep having this strange feeling.

DUGAN
You and Ev Hillman -- he's up here telling anyone who'll listen that the kid got stolen by some elves called Tommyknockers. Can you beat it?

She sits there stunned, deeply shaken -- the last thing in the world she expected him to say.

DUGAN (cont)
Old man's turning into a real quasar, hey?

But instead of laughing, she responds hoarsely:

RUTH
That's impossible. You must have heard wrong.

Suddenly there's an annoying loud HUM -- and static.

DUGAN
What?! This connection's going to hell!

It's worsening -- she has to shout over it to be heard:

RUTH
Butch -- can you hear me?

DUGAN
Ruthie -- damn these old lines --

RUTH
Butch -- I'm losing you -- Butch --

Just crackly static now as Ruth stares at it in frustration.

EXT. THE SITE - DAY

In the fierce noon sun, Bobbi removes an especially difficult stump on the slope. Peter who still doesn't like the thing one bit, watches from a respectful distance away on the hill above. Suddenly, the metal artifact begin to emit its characteristic HUM -- Peter growls in response. And then Bobbi hears that VOICE again:

VOICE
Bobbi.

Peter barks now -- barks like crazy. Not even hearing him, acting like she's been hypnotized, she walks toward the huge

CONTINUED:

slab, putting her hand on its side. Her face is bathed in its GREEN GLOW and she begins to nod in answer to whatever it's telling her -- Peter barking louder and LOUDER.

INT. THE POST OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Gard in line as Nancy Voss waits on Dick Allison:

NANCY
Better send it two-day special -- or you'll miss their anniversary.

Next up is HOMER ALLPORT, one of the Cooder's Market oldtimers brigade. But before he can pipe up, she says:

NANCY
Ah, Homer -- a book of stamps and your arthritis medicine.

Is this smalltownitis or does she actually seems to know what people want before they have to ask? Gard watches as bespectacled little Barney Applegate steps up to the counter:

NANCY
Here you go, Barney -- the sheet of space commemoratives are four dollars including tax for Uncle Sam.

Barney pays. Turns to pass Gard -- something seems different:

GARD
Hey there, Barney --

Barney looks up at him -- no longer wearing his coke-bottle thick glasses. A somewhat dazed but peculiarly bright look:

BARNEY
Mr. Gardener. Hi.

GARD
What happened to your specs? Don't tell me you got contacts.

The boy just stares at him with odd-seeming eyes. Very slowly he shakes his head no. Then runs out. Gard's confused, but before just then Nancy looks at him in a queer, puzzled way:

NANCY
I don't get it.

GARD
Hmm?

NANCY
What was it you wanted?

CONTINUED:

GARD
(quips)
Aren't you going to read my mind, too, Nancy?

She just stares at him blankly -- a little unnervingly -- frowning with concentration -- her voice inflectionless.

GARD
Just a little joke.

NANCY
I don't see the humor.

She stares at him -- he at her. Weird. Then:

GARD
Right. Um..we haven't received any mail in the past week.

NANCY
Things have gotten a bit backed up since Joe died. You have to fill out a complaint form.

In the back room, a scratching sound like spiderlegs.

GARD
What's that sound?

NANCY
Mail-sorting gadget. I thought it up.
(she stares at him oddly)
But you know that, don't you?

GARD
How could I know a thing like that unless you told me?

NANCY
Was there something else? If not I'm awful busy.

She just stares at him with a placcid, have-a-nice-day smile that is missing a molar and seems vaguely threatening.

EXT. MAIN STRET - AFTERNOON

As Gard crosses on his way to the Junque-A-Torium, he feels eyes on him, turns back

GARD'S POV - THE POST OFFICE

nothing, no one watching him.

GARD

Just paranoia. He continues on his way as we PULL BACK TO:

INT. POST OFFICE BACKROOM

Where Nancy watches him just out of sight from behind the venetian blind slats. Behind her, a GREENISH LIGHT casts circular shadows on the walls as her GADGET spins around and around, sorting the mail. A MAN comes up behind her, puts his arms around her in an unquestionably familiar gesture. Joe's been replaced by Delbert Chiles.

NANCY
Do me, Del. I need doing.

As he takes her without preliminaries under a sign that reads POSTAL WORKERS DO IT BY EXPRESS MAIL, we go to:

ANOTHER GADGET

An amazing, fantasy contraption of wires, batteries and bizarre spare parts. We watch it make the ultimate BLT in assembly-line fashion: toasting the bread, slicing the tomatoes and lettuce just perfectly, flipping and then drying the bacon on paper towels, and then putting mayo on the toast and assembling the ingredients -- all of which it then cuts into four perfect quarters generated under its serene GREEN GLOW. A voice purrs with satisfaction:

BRYANT
Yesss...

We're in the back of

INT. HAVEN LUNCH - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Bryant surveys his sandwich maker -- and exclaims to Marie:

BRYANT
Can you imagine what else I can come up with? For the first time in my life, my head's full of ideas --

MARIE
What in heaven's name is wrong with you?

He looks at her as if he has no idea in the world what she's talking about or why she's raising her voice:

MARIE (cont)
How can you think about gadgets when one of our boys is missing and the other might die?

BRYANT
Everything's going to be fine now. Just fine. Don't you know that?

CONTINUED:

MARIE
I don't even know you anymore.

Crying, she turns -- brushes past Ruth who's in the doorway.

RUTH
Sorry -- I didn't mean to intrude.

BRYANT
Her nerves are still a little raw.

RUTH
After what you've been through, it's only natural.
(a beat)
Okay if I use your phone to call the repair boys at Contel? Mine's got all kinds of weird static on it.

As she looks at him, she faintly hears:

BRYANT'S THOUGHTS
Get out before it's too late.
Get out while you can.

She must have heard wrong. Must have.

RUTH
What?

BRYANT
With any luck you can get them to come before too late.

She heard wrong. Of course she did. Then he grins -- showing three gaps in a smile that was flawless a few days ago as he hands her the phone receiver.

EXT. HAVEN DINER - AFTERNOON

As Ruth comes out, she spots Gard across the street, putting the last of the visibly heavy supplies in the pickup.

RUTH
Hey, Gard --

He turns, seems to hear her. But instead of waving or coming over, he drives off -- strange behavior to say the least.

EXT. ANDERSON/GARDENER PLACE - DUSK

Gard pulls in -- the headlights revealing the Tomcat over by the large SHED rather than inside but the house is dark.

GARD
Bobbi?

CONTINUED:

No answer. A big new Krieg padlock is on the shed door. Its windows are grimed with dirt -- impossible to see inside. He registers the changes -- wondering what's in there. A dry crackle of summer thunder explodes in the distance.

GARD
Pete? Where are you, pal?

BOBBI
He's dead.

He whirls around -- Bobbi stands in the shadows of the woods.

BOBBI (cont)
I came back from the dig and he was on the porch and...oh, Gard, he wasn't moving.

GARD
No.

BOBBI
He was..you know...so old.

GARD
Poor old guy. Where is he?

BOBBI
I buried him out back.

GARD
Already?

Some edge to her voice -- something -- makes him feel there's more to it than this, but before he can follow it up:

BOBBI
Hold me.

She steps out of the darkness -- ragged with exhaustion, her eyes huge and burning with fever, her shirt buttoned wrong. A dirty, haggard scarecrow with tears coming down her cheeks.

BOBBI (cont)
Just hold me.

GARD
Jesus Christ, what --

She holds out a trembling hand --

BOBBI
Fine -- I'm fine --

GARD
Like hell you are.

CONTINUED:

She reels forward into his arms, semiconscious. He picks her up and swiftly carries her into

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As he carries her in, she tries to speak but nothing coherent coming out -- harsh croaks. He puts her on the couch, leaves her to cross the room and pick up the phone:

GARD
Operator, get me the nearest rescue unit --

From the couch, she tries to sit up -- urgent, emphatic:

BOBBI
No -- don't --

GARD
What?

BOBBI
Don't call anybody. Anybody!

She falls back against the couch; he hangs up the phone and goes over to her, alarmed at her vehemence.

GARD
You need help.

BOBBI
No..just sleep. Sleep and food.

GARD
That isn't all you need.

BOBBI
No. I need you.

She kisses the middle of his palm, pleading:

BOBBI (cont)
Just you. If I'm not better in the morning..you can call Doc Warwick. Promise me you won't call anybody.

GARD
Bobbi --

BOBBI
Promise!

Reluctantly, he nods, gently clears the hair on her forehead:

GARD
Promise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She closes her eyes. He sits by her. Then her eyes struggle open -- he has to lean forward to hear her:

BOBBI
Love you..

GARD
I love you, too. Now sleep.

She does so -- only for him to whirl, hearing

GARD'S POV - IN BOBBI'S WORK AREA

The WORD ACCORDIAN is going like crazy again. Across the room Bobbi lies there breathing shallowly on the couch, barely conscious, and at the same time on her desk, the telepathic beast is putting her thoughts down on paper.

ON GARD

if he doesn't have a drink right now he's going to levitate.

IN THE KITCHEN

He searches frantically for something to drink. There, in the back of one of the cabinets, is an unopened bottle of scotch. Stares at it with utter desperate thirst. But then -- hand shaking, with every ounce of resistance in him -- he manages to put the bottle down.

GARD
No. Not a drop til this is over. No.

INT. RUTH'S BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Ruth is awakened by the faint sound of explosions outside. She gets up, goes to the front window in her nightgown, sees

RUTH'S POV - ON THE SQUARE

Just as they did the night of July 4th, the townspeople come out of their respective homes to see the fireworks -- those green oozing starbursts in the sky.

CLOSER ON RUTH

confused -- what are they doing out there now at this hour? She calls down to them on the street from her window:

RUTH
What's going on? What are you all doing?

RUTH'S POV - THE TOWNSPEOPLE

As these people she's known all her life turn to look up at her, she sees with horror that their faces are shriveling --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

changing. Elt Barker's face turns into the bulging, stiched face of Lumpkin the Scarecrow. Mabel Voss turns into Mrs. Beasley. Delbert Chiles a grotesquely mocking Howdy Doody. Perverse, lifesize dolls. All of them grinning, then opening their mouths to reveal that they're toothless as their whispering voices rise into a chant in the humid dark:

FIGURES
Tommyknockers!
Tommyknockers!
TOMMYKNOCKERS!!!

RUTH

wakes from this nightmare with a gasp, wide-eyed in the dark. Looks around wildly, confused:

RUTH
Dear God, what's happening to me?

She looks -- on the coverlet beside her is one of her teeth.

INT. BOBBI AND GARD'S HOUSE - MORNING

Over breakfast, Bobbi looking unquestionably better albeit far from recuperated.

BOBBI
You were right, I was stupid working in this heat. And then Pete -- Pete's death put me over the edge. I'm okay now.

GARD
Are you? Go weigh yourself.

BOBBI
I needed to lose a few pounds.

GARD
Keep pushing this hard and you're going to die.

BOBBI
It's not likely.

GARD
Bull. You don't know what's likely in this situation and what isn't.

BOBBI
If you're going to be like this --

Grim and angry, she rises to walk away, but he grabs her:

GARD
No, we're gonna talk about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
Gard, I'm fine --

GARD
It's not just you anymore, damnit!

She acquiesces, stops.

GARD (cont)
The townspeople are getting it. Mabel Noyes has invented a silver polishing device. Our postmistress has rigged up a mail-sorting gadget.

BOBBI
Is that so terrible?

GARD
Yeah, well, she's reading people's minds, too.

She flinches slightly -- turns away.

BOBBI
Don't be ridiculous.

And in that instant as she turns away, he knows she can, too:

GARD
Bobbi, can you read my mind?

BOBBI
What? No --

GARD
You never could lie for beans.

BOBBI
I can read some people's, all right? Hell, I'm no snoop, but that time with Nancy and Joe Paulson, I tried to tell you, it was just there, in front of their heads, blinking like a neon sign. But you -- you're different.

GARD
Try to read mine. Go on, try.

She does, frowns, concentrates. Then shakes her head:

BOBBI
All I get is surface stuff, and most of that is broken up and garbled. No one else is..like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARD
No one?

BOBBI
Nope. I think it's the plate in your head -- it's keeping me out.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

As the repair crew winds up its work, an exhausted-looking Ruth sips her umpteenth cup of coffee.

RUTH
There was this hum and then this crackling sound.

PHONE MAN
It's clear as a bell now, ma'am

He holds it up. She listens -- a perfect dial tone.

PHONE MAN (cont)
Just clear as a bell.

EXT. DOORWAY TO THE POLICE STATION - DAY

As the PHONE REPAIR truck pulls away, Ruth looks around:

RUTH'S POV - THE TOWNSPEOPLE

Stand in small motionless clusters across the hot shimmering street -- Mabel Noyes and Nancy Voss whispering together in front of the Post Office, Elt Barker at his Shell Station with Delbert Chiles, the old geezers caning chairs in front of Cooder's. At that moment, it seems to her that they're watching her, their eyes more sly than wise.

ON RUTH

Feeling hot and headachy and paranoid, she comes back

INSIDE THE SCHOOLROOM

Only to find the DOLLS in their pews staring back at her with their painted-on smiles. A chill runs up her spine.

EXT. THE SITE - DAY

As they stand above it, looking down on the SLAB OF METAL:

GARD
You've got to tell somebody.

BOBBI
'Somebody' who?

CONTINUED:

GARD
I don't know. The authorities.

BOBBI
Huh-uh. No way.

GARD
Ruth Merrill, then.

BOBBI
C'mon, she's a nice lady, a friend. But she'll just call Butch Dugan and he'll call in the Feds.

GARD
Would that be so bad?

She laughs: long and hard and genuine.

BOBBI
You can ask that? You of all people? You who thinks the government won't really be happy until we all glow in the dark like radium watches?

GARD
Bobbi --

BOBBI
No, that's what it's boils down to. I've found this miracle source of power that could change the world as we know it and you want me to turn it over to them. Do you think they're going to see it and say 'please Ms. Anderson, the President wants you to pop down to Washington to hear your ideas on this -- he's your biggest fan.'

GARD
Bobbi, listen --

BOBBI
No, <u>you</u> listen. They'll come with trucks full of barbed wire and men with guns. They'll gag us. But that won't be enough..oh, no. So mourners please omit flowers. I mean, do you really think they'd scruple at wasting us?

GARD
You do hold forth.

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
I learned from a master.
(a beat)
They could do it, Gard. You know they could.

GARD
When you passed out last night, I.. I almost had a drink. I may have to drink to get through this.

BOBBI
Then I'll drink with you and we'll straighten it out afterwards. I promise you -- it's that important.

GARD
(gently)
All I'm saying is no matter how wonderful this thing is, it's doing terrible things to your body and mind.

BOBBI
Then I'll take it easier.

GARD
You've got to. Before it kills you.

BOBBI
Just keep digging it up with me. Please.

After a long beat, he nods -- reaffirming their bond. Only for Bobbi to stop and turn -- alarmed -- hearing something in the woods.

GARD
What?

BOBBI
Somebody's here.

EXT. ANDERSON/GARDENER PLACE - PORCH - DAY

Bobbi pours lemonade from a pitcher into glasses with ice for Ruth and Gard:

BOBBI
Now then, what's so urgent?

RUTH
I need your help.

BOBBI
Our help?

CONTINUED:

RUTH
To get to the bottom of this.

BOBBI
The bottom of what? Really, Ruth, you're being awfully dramatic.

RUTH
Don't humor me, Bobbi. We've been friends a long time, do me that favor.
(a beat)
Something is wrong in Haven. Everyone here is changing.

Gard can't help it -- he jumps in:

GARD
Bobbi --

BOBBI
No.

GARD
But Bobbi --

BOBBI
I said no.

A long tense beat as they lock stares. He breaks it, turning away:

GARD
Right.

He goes inside -- the screen door slamming behind him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Gard breaks the seal on the bottle of scotch. Pours himself a healthy dose in a glass, downs it.

ON THE PORCH

As Ruth, trying to reach her old friend, touches her arm:

RUTH
What is it, Bobbi? What's happening to you?

BOBBI
Nothing. Nothing bad, anyway. It's happening to you, too. Just relax. Relax and let it happen.

RUTH
Let what happen?

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
You'll 'become', too.

RUTH
'Become' what? Something so evil I don't even dare to think about it?
(a beat)
I don't know how I know this and I know you didn't mean to, but you started this in motion. Help me put a stop to it.

BOBBI
I don't want to stop it.

RUTH
Bobbi, whatever it is -- it's wrong.

BOBBI
Soon -- in a few days you'll stop fighting. You'll be...just fine.
(gently)
Better go home now, Ruth. Just get in your car and go home and dream of Becoming like the rest of us. Part of you wants it to happen, doesn't it? You know it does.

Horrified, Ruth looks at her with resolve. Speaks aloud:

RUTH
Never.

Turns to leave -- only to stop at the bottom of the stairs. Turns and meets Bobbi's gaze directly:

RUTH
This is my town. It used to be yours.

For a moment, Bobbi looks ashamed. But then:

BOBBI
What are you going to say? That the people of Haven are so bright they're spooky? So in tune that they almost seem to be -- ha-ha -- reading your mind?

RUTH
If I have to spend a few days with people thinking I'm off my rocker, so be it. I'm not afraid of that. Or of you.

She stalks off, Bobbi watching her go as Gard comes out with the bottle of scotch in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARD
Call the doctor, call the nurse --
Bobbi's bad and getting worse...

BOBBI
Not a word, Gard. Not a word.

EXT. DERRY ROAD NEAR THE WOODS - NIGHT

Ruth pulls off the shoulder into the trees, turns off her lights and lets the car coast down in the underbrush. She gets out. Opens the trunk and removes -- a shotgun.

INTO THE WOODS

As she goes on foot into the eerie silence, every sound magnified.

ON THE LOGGING ROAD

where she bumped into Pete, she shines the torch ahead --

RUTH'S POV -- THE MINITRACTOR TRACKS

A trail of DEAD BIRDS now litter the path..

ON RUTH

curious at this phenomenon...

RUTH'S POV - UP AHEAD

the mounds of dirt -- huge piles now, a small mountain.

ON RUTH

scared but determined. Aims her light to reveal

RUTH'S POV - THE THING

More and more of it exposed as the light hits this titanic SLAB of metal in all of its exposed glory -- looming out of the ground like one of those prehistoric rocks at Stonehenge but dwarfing those manifestations with no end in sight. Its base is glowing GREEN LIGHT.

ON RUTH

the image galvanizes her, causing her to drop the flashlight.

RUTH
Merciful god in heaven...

She rushes off, past the bushes. Unseen by her in the dark, a foot snaps on a branch as out steps

BOBBI

She just stands there -- doing nothing to stop Ruth, letting her go. We go CLOSER and CLOSER on her -- into her eyes, hard to read her enigmatic expression.

INT. BOBBI & GARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We glimpse Gard, passed out on the bed as Bobbi walks by.

EXT. THE SHED - NIGHT

Using a key on her keyring, she opens the padlock on the shed door. A GREEN LIGHT floods the entire yard and house with a brilliant radium-dial glow. She enters and closes the door -- the light shining between the planks now, FLASHING brighter and PULSING as if it were, well -- speaking. An odd liquid churning sound as well. We hear:

BOBBI (OS)
Everything's fine.

And as we move CLOSER, she speaks in a voice that sounds stranger and more disembodied by the second:

BOBBI (OS cont)
Just fine.

INT. RUTH'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

A frantic, white-knuckled Ruth drives as fast as she dares:

RUTH
Butch, Butch'll know what to do.

INT. RUTH'S "SCHOOLROOM" - NIGHT

She races to the phone -- picks it up, hears a dial tone and starts to dial when she <u>feels</u> something wrong. Turns to see

RUTH'S POV - THE DOLLS

A GERMAN BOY in lederhosen, a STUFFED BEAR, a DAN QUAYLE marionette -- have been moved around, no longer in their usual positions on the benches. They're on the floor.

ON RUTH

Turning wildly, confused --

RUTH
Who's here? Who's been moving --

A VOICE (OS)
We move ourselves, dear.

In another corner of the room, a little tittering laugh -- it seems to come from the JAPANESE DOLL in a kimono. Confused, she turns wildly to find:

RUTH'S POV - LUMPKIN THE SCARECROW

stirring -- moving his limbs -- the bulging stiches of his face suddenly splitting open into a macabre grin.

ON RUTH

she looks around, deeply frightened now --

RUTH'S POV - PANNING THE DOLLS

as they, too, come alive -- their arms and legs stretching into animation. Then, from one to the next, their heads turn on their necks toward her as their eyes suddenly pop open and out streams GREEN LIGHT

RUTH

takes a step back --

THE DOLLS

Staring at her, whispering to each other.

CLOSER ON THE DOLLS' FACES

Their mouths moving -- louder, louder -- about her.

LUMPKIN
You should have gotten out when you the getting was good, Ruth.

ON RUTH

her hand going over her ears, trying to shut out the voices.

WIDE ANGLE - THE DOLLS

more of them coming to menacing life now -- their voices rising in volume as their eyes stream GREEN LIGHT --

RUTH

reaches for the phone on the desk to summon help -- but halfway there, something trips her. She stumbles, falling to her knees on the schoolroom floor --

RUTH'S POV - A JUDY GARLAND WIZARD OF OZ DOLL

That's what's tripped her -- quite deliberately. Its porcelain features unambiguous in malevolent intent.

RUTH

tries to regain her footing, and stumbles again, this time successfully reaching the phone. Lifts it up to get a dial tone. Pushing Butch's number -- only to be cut off mid-dial.

VOICE (OS)
Too late.

RUTH'S POV - THE GERMAN BOY DOLL

has pushed down the receiver button.

RUTH

yanks it away -- but now the line's dead. She looks down:

RUTH'S POV - LUMPKIN THE SCARECROW

has pulled out the wall plug, grasping it in his hand:

LUMPKIN
Too late, Ruth.

RUTH

terrified, grabs a fireplace poker off the wall.

RUTH'S POV - A GROUP OF DOLLS

start marching toward her -- their chant a screaming litany:

DOLLS
Too late, Ruth --

CLOSE ON RUTH

raising the poker to defend herself:

RUTH
Get away from me!

ANOTHER GROUP OF DOLLS

their teeth bared like savage little children -- picks up the litany -- louder now:

MORE DOLLS
Too late, Ruth!

ON RUTH

As she wields the poker in desperate defense:

RUTH
I said get away!

ALL THE DOLLS

As they surround her, the room flaring with GREEN LIGHT:

ALL THE DOLLS
TOO LATE!!!
TOO LATE!!!
TOO LATE!!!

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

AN ARRAY OF BODY PARTS

Broken and dismembered limbs -- massive carnage of little severed heads and legs and torsos everywhere:

JINGLES
Holy mother of God.

We're in

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - THE SCHOOLROOM - MORNING

A day or two later, a very worried Dugan surveys this massive carnage with trooper Jingles Gabbons.

BENT
It's dolls -- nothing but a bunch of dolls.

DUGAN
Her collection.

JINGLES
A hobby? So many of them?

DUGAN
They were exhibited once in Augusta.

He picks up the phone -- follows the path of its cord under the table to find it's been pulled out from the wall socket. The little Lumpkin the Scarecrow doll's hand seems to be around the plug.

Trooper Bent Rhodes comes down the stairs, pistol drawn --

BENT
No sign of her anywhere, boss. Her car's gone, but her clothes are all still here.

JINGLES
Who would've done such a thing?

DUGAN
I don't like it.

He looks at the Lumpkin doll smiling grotesquely up at him -- nothing amiss but at the same time strange and disquieting.

DUGAN (cont)
I don't like it at all.

INT. DERRY HOME HOSPITAL - HILLY'S ROOM - DAY

Hilly, catatonic now, is hooked into all sorts of tubes and monitoring devices. Ev sits by his side holding his hand.

EV
It's all right, son, I'm here, Grampy's here.

Hilly doesn't respond. His doctor appears in the doorway:

NEUROLOGIST
He can't hear you, Mr. Hillman.

EV
Help him!
(near tears)
He's slipping away!

NEUROLOGIST
I assure you we're doing everything we can. The X-rays came back negative this time -- normal. Whatever was on his brain is either gone or wasn't there in the first place.

EV
Then what's causing this..this coma?

NEUROLOGIST
It's not a coma. His brain patterns are not the patterns of a coma. It's some sort of shock trauma.

EV
Whatever you call it don't make no difference. They're just words, and slipping away is what it comes down to.

INT. HAVEN DINER - DAY

Dugan starts his investigation by questioning Bryant who's totalling the cash register receipts -- the diner quiet.

BRYANT
Not since the other day, Captain. Her phone was on the blink, she used ours to call the repair boys.

DUGAN
I know -- we were on together when the connection went to hell.

BRYANT
Those old lines -- they're no better than two tomato soup cans with a piece of wire in between.

Just then Marie, half out of her mind with worry, rushes in:

CONTINUED:

MARIE
Sheriff -- thank God -- is there any news about Davey?

DUGAN
I'm sorry, ma'am. There isn't.

MARIE
Damnit, can't the police do anything? What good are you?

BRYANT
It's not his fault, Marie. They're doing everything they can.

MARIE
That's right -- take their side!

She angrily and tearfully brushes past him.

BRYANT
She's out of her mind with worry.

DUGAN
From what I hear, your father-in-law's been carrying on, too.

BRYANT
My father-in law, excuse me for saying so, Sheriff, is as mad as a March hare.

EXT. ELT BARKER'S SHELL STATION - DAY

Dugan puts quarters in the Coke vending machine, but nothing happens. Pushes the coin return -- again nothing.

DUGAN
Hey, Barker -- when are you going to get this damn thing fixed?

Barker, in the middle of an oil-job, looks over:

ELT
Thing's got a mind of its own -- give the left side a good bang.

Dugan slams it hard, and that does it -- the bottle of Coke rattles down the chute. He takes it out -- flips the cap. About to drink when he gets a silly but powerful feeling.

DUGAN'S POV - INSIDE HAVEN DINER

Bryant stands behind the counter. His lips seems to be saying "There he goes." And now everyone -- several customers at the counter, in the window booths -- turn to stare out the diner window, smiling, nodding.

ON DUGAN

seeing they are indeed looking at them, turns

DUGAN'S POV - THE GREEN

The OLD TIMERS in front of Cooder's sitting there having a pop are staring -- as is Elt Barker and the black mechanic -- the same man Bobbi saw in the waiting room at the vet's.

CLOSE ON DUGAN

Finding this all a little weird -- or is it his imagination? Wiping the perspiration on his forehead -- the streets and surfaces shimmering in the hot sun. And then his paranoid reverie is broken as:

JINGLES
Boss?

Dugan looks at him -- dazed, perspiring, not feeling so well:

BENT
You okay? You're looking a little white around the --

DUGAN
It's the heat is all.

JINGLES
Gotta be a 100-plus in the shade.

DUGAN
You boys nose around, see what you can dig up. I'm gonna see that book writer -- the Anderson woman. Ruth was friends with her -- said she told good stories. Maybe she's got one for me.

JINGLES
Roger.

As they depart, Dugan takes one last look

DUGAN'S POV - THE TOWNSPEOPLE

As if a network of silent voices, they return to what they were doing like a plug's been pulled. Perfectly normal again.

ON DUGAN

the heat's getting to him, all right.

EXT. THE SITE - DAY

A blast like a dentist drill as Gard attacks a sheet of rock that's holding the metal thing prisoner with an electric drill. They've taken away more and more of the hillside and

still the thing continues down. Sweaty, torturous work in this heat. He faintly hears his name being called:

BOBBI
Gard! GARD!

He looks up on the hillside, takes out the cotton he's stuffed from one of his ears which was muffling the sound:

BOBBI
I'll be right back. I'm going to get us something to drink.

He gives her the thumbs up gesture, and she departs. Alone now, under his breath:

GARD
Hold the tonic, please, bartender.

Wiping his dirty, sweaty forehead, he stares at this monolith they're uncovering:

GARD
What are you? What the hell are you?

EXT. ANDERSON/GARDENER PLACE - DAY

Bobbi returns to find Dugan's cruiser in the driveway -- the trooper on the front porch, peering in the window. From the woods, the dim but steady rumble of sounds of Gard using the electric chainsaw are clearly audible.

BOBBI
Can I help you Sheriff Dugan?

DUGAN
Ah, Ms. Anderson. I was wondering where you were.

BOBBI
Out cutting some fireword for next winter.

As if on cue, there's a crackle-crunch of a falling tree.

DUGAN
So that's what all those sounds are. In this heat, too -- how industrious.

BOBBI
I like to be prepared for any eventuality. Now what can I do for you?

DUGAN
Ruth Merrill's vanished.

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
Missing? Surely you don't think something's happened --

DUGAN
We don't know what to think, ma'am. Anything that might help -- she was a real fan of yours -- had all your books. Said you could spin a yarn with the best of them.

BOBBI
I'm flattered, Sheriff. I wish I could help. But I haven't seen her since July 4th on the Common.

DUGAN
How bout that fellow you live with? You think he might know anything?

BOBBI
I'll ask him, but I doubt it.

Dugan wipes away the sweat from his forehead -- everything getting a little fuzzy and lightheaded as he hears:

BOBBI'S THOUGHTS
Get out, Dugan. Get out while you can.

Reeling from the force of what he picked up, he grabs the porch bannister to brace himself. What the hell was that?

BOBBI
Sheriff?

DUGAN
Fine. It's just the heat.

BOBBI
There's this virulent strain of summer flu going around. You want to be careful not to catch it.

Is it his imagination or is there something mocking in her enigmatic smile?

INT. DUGAN'S PATROL CAR/BENT AND JINGLES PATROL CAR - DAY

INTERCUT back and forth as Dugan, feeling really sick now, radios his men who're parked in front of the Diner.

DUGAN
I don't care how hot it gets or how long it takes. We're gonna keep at it till we find her.

CONTINUED:

Jingles and Bent exchange a look at each other.

BENT
But Butch -- nobody seems to know anything...

DUGAN
As long as it takes.

He clicks off the intercom, wiping his brow with his handkerchief; if this is the flu, he's got it bad, all right.

BENT AND JINGLE

A look at Jingles who's holding his head.

BENT
You okay?

JINGLES
Something I ate --

BENT
Road food gone punky in the heat.

As he and Jingles pull away, a TRUCK parked across the street pulls out after them, following them

EXT. SITE - DAY

Gard listens as Bobbi tells him that Dugan was there.

GARD
Damnit, Bobbi -- something is happening and you know it!

BOBBI
Yes, and that something is <u>good!</u>

GARD
And I suppose what happened to Davey Brown and now Ruth Merrill is good, too. Where the hell are they, Bobbi?

BOBBI
I don't know. All I know is we've tapped into a source of cheap if not free power. We're already off Maine Central Power; if I'm right about what we've found and the gift we're being given, we'll be able to get rid of all the nuclear plants.

GARD
And if you're wrong? What's the cost then?

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
Gard --

GARD
No, things are going wronger here all the time and it's because of that thing.

He flings down the pick-ax. Starts up the ravine toward the old logging road:

BOBBI
Where are you going?

GARD
To find Dugan.

IN THE WOODS

Bobbi on Gard's heels as he heads toward the house on foot.

BOBBI
What are you going to say? 'You remember me, I'm the one who chained myself to a nuclear reactor a few years ago --'

GARD
Shut up.

BOBBI
Do you hear yourself? You, the great sixties liberal who always railed against the Feds? It's a betrayal of everything you ever stood for.

GARD
Maybe, but I'm going to tell him anyway.

BOBBI
He won't believe you.

GARD
He'll see it. It's there.

BOBBI
Don't you understand? What's happened to me hasn't happened to you, but it will, and then you'll understand.

GARD
All I understand is that whatever changing you, the changes are not good.

CONTINUED:

More desperate to stop him now:

BOBBI
You're scared. Scared because for the first time in your life, you have the chance to deal from a position of strength.

GARD
That isn't true.

BOBBI
Isn't it? You root for candidates and causes that are cataclysmic underdogs -- that way your politics never get the chance to be tried out, and you never have to worry about finding out that the new boss is the same as the old boss, do you?

GARD
I'm not scared. Not of that.

BOBBI
The hell you're not. You've destroyed every power base you ever had. Your teaching job. Pouring enough booze onto the little spark of talent God gave you to put it out. Now this.

GARD
That's not fair! It's not.

BOBBI
No? That's the way it sounds to me.

GARD
And you're sounding downright dangerous.

More desperate to stop him, she blurts out:

BOBBI
Gard -- wait -- we're getting so close. I think there's an opening.

That stops him at the pickup truck -- he turns.

GARD
What?

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
I didn't say anything because I wasn't sure, but now I think another 25, maybe 50 feet down, there's some kind of an opening. I know it's there. I just know it.

GARD
How long have you known?

BOBBI
Since July 4th.

GARD
And you didn't say anything?

And if anything, that's it, the final thing that decides him. He turns and gets in the pickup.

BOBBI
I'm begging you, please don't do this --

He doesn't answer -- just starts the ignition. She calls out:

BOBBI
If you do this, if you tell Dugan, we're over.

GARD
You don't mean it.

BOBBI
I do.

With a last look at her, he drives off. Alone now -- furious with him -- with herself -- with this not going her way:

BOBBI
Damn. Damn.

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL

Ev gets down on his knees in the aisle between the pews:

EV
Please Lord, I know I haven't been on terms exactly with you, and I ain't asking for me. My grandson needs your help -- he deserves his time in the sun.

NEUROLOGIST
Mr. Hillman?

He turns, fearing the worst: he

CONTINUED:

EV
No -- please, no.

NEUROLOGIST
The boy's condition is unchanged.

Ev breathes a sigh of relief.

NEUROLOGIST
Tell me something -- what were his parents feeding him?

EV
Why, just regular food.

NEUROLOGIST
I doubt that.

EV
You needn't. I took enough meals with 'em to know.

EV
Why do you ask?

NEUROLOGIST
Because ten of his teeth are gone.

EV
His teeth...

NEUROLOGIST
Is there any other place he could have been? Unusual thing he could have come into contact with?

As Ev ponders this unusual question...

INT. ELT BARKER'S SHELL STATION - DAY

The proprietor pumping gas as an anxious Gard questions him:

GARD
What do you mean he's gone back to Derry?

BARKER
Didn't look so hot -- all feverish and sweaty.

GARD
But his men -- they left, too?

BARKER
The Staties? No, they're around somewhere. Should be back soon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Confused and upset, Gard stands there not knowing what to do. The black MECHANIC is tinkering with the Coke machine which is on its side, putting something that looks like a red meat thermometer on its top which of course can't be; he stares at him, too -- the wrench in his hand suddenly seeming vaguely threatening.

GARD
What're you looking at?

MECHANIC
Sorry, man.

He grins at him -- a big toothless grin. It all seems too much for Gard in the sun as every single metallic surface -- the cars, the gas pump, the Coke vending machine -- shimmers in the hot sun. Sweaty, licking his lips, head throbbing --

VOICE (OS)
Hey, poet --

Turns -- it's Freeman Moss who picked him up hitchhiking.

GARD
Hey, neighbor.

MOSS
-- you okay?

GARD
Yeah, don't I look like it?

MOSS
You look like you could use a drink.

GARD
I think I'll pass. I'm waiting for somebody.

MOSS
So I'll wait with you. Come on, sometimes a nice cold one'll fix just about anything.

He gestures across the street --

GARD'S POV - THE BAR

Its NEON light blinks on and off

ANGLE ON GARD

like a water mirage in the desert to a thirsty prospector.

GARD
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOSS
C'mon, son, don't make an old man drink alone. Just one. A short peg. What do you say?

Gard looks out -- at little BARNEY playing paddleball on the green -- staring at him with those strange new eyes. Suddenly Moss' offer seems downright neighborly.

GARD
I say shoot a pickle is what I say. Shoot the damn pickle.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

We PAN along until we find Ev at one of the long library tables with a gooseneck lamp -- in front of him, a mountain of clippings and old bound newspapers:

EV
'Any place he could have been...'

Over his shoulder, we glimpse HEADLINES:

"TWO MEN KILLED IN HUNTING ACCIDENT"

"SEARCH PARTY FINDS MISSING TOURISTS AFTER TWO DAYS LOST IN WILD"

"HUSBAND KILLS WIFE AND CHILD, THEN TURNS GUN ON SELF"

CLOSER ON EV

EV
'Anything he could have come into contact with...'

OLD BOOKS AND YELLOW CLIPPINGS

going back even further -- decades, centuries:

CARD GAME IN WILDERNESS TURNS TO MURDER;

"INDIAN CHIEF ON DEATHBED CLAIMS BIG INJUN WOODS CURSED"

ON EV

As he puts his finger on the word

CLOSER

On the words WOODS CURSED.

AND EVEN CLOSER --

it fills the SCREEN now -- **CURSED**

CLOSE ON EV

Sure now in his suspicions -- and afraid.

EV
You're damn tooting there is.

INT. PATROL CAR - AFTERNOON

Bent driving, Jingles beside him. Both feeling weird now.

BENT
Try the radio again. I bet we're getting 'ference from that damn microwave dish they put up in Troy.

JINGLES
Unit 16 to Base. Do you copy? Tug? Over?

He lets go of the button and they both listen -- just a peculiar screaming static with ghostly voices.

JINGLES
Want me to try again?

BENT
No. We'll be clear soon enough.

JINGLES
Something's spooky going on here -- all those little dolly arms and legs, everybody acting weird. Feeling weird. I don't like it.

And then the radio squawks -- and through the static comes Dugan's voice comes over the dispatch from Home Base:

VOICE (OS)
Jingles, Bent -- come in?

BENT
Butch -- there you are.

DUGAN (OS)
Call it a day, boys. Come on home.

JINGLES
You mean it, boss? You want us to call off the search?

DUGAN (OS)
Everything's fine --

INT. ELT BARKER'S SHELL STATION GARAGE - AFTERNOON

The camera PANS slowly over to reveal that it's not Dugan at all; it's MABEL NOYES, hunched over a microphone that's been modified with a battery-powered little GREEN LIT gadget that enables her to mimic Dugan's voice perfectly:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MABEL
Just fine. I'll see you back in Derry. Ten-four and out.

She looks up at Dick Allison -- beams a grin that's showing lots of pink gum and missing two molars:

MABEL
How'd I do?

DICK ALLISON
You're a regular Rich Little.

INT. HAVEN BAR - AFTERNOON

In the dark wooden recesses of the bar now, Gard good and drunk now -- in his cups, waxing philosophical and poetical:

GARD
'There came a man on horseback, riding and riding --' that's who I always wanted to be. One of those save the world types. Something to make sense -- redeem -- this otherwise stupid and wasteful life.

FREEMAN MOSS
You mean a hero?

GARD
(pounding the bar)
That's exactly what I mean.
(pounding the bar)
Exactly. That's a laugh, huh? Me a hero. Bartender -- another round for me and my good buddy.

BARTENDER
Vodka and tonics again?

GARD
Yep. And this time let's show my friend and neighbor how a man on horseback takes his tonic. Go on -- do it just like I taught you.

The bartender pours a hefty shot of vodka into the glass; then makes quite a show of dutifully and solemnly waving the bottle in front of the glass.

BARTENDER
Did I do it right, Mr. Gardener?

GARD
Perfect son, just perfect.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - (MOVING) AFTERNOON

Heading out of town, both looking they've had food poisoning:

JINGLES
You know something funny, that didn't sound like Butch much at all.

BENT
Maybe he has a cold.

JINGLES
Pull over, Bent. I'm sick.

Bent pulls over in a hurry. Jingles dives from the passenger side of the cruiser, Bent from the driver's -- both tossing their cookies in the ditch, retching. Then:

JINGLES
What's happening to us?

BENT
I don't know.

Only to look up to see a glimmer of metal in the trees. With a look at Jingles, he walks over --

TO THE BUSHES

lifts up a branch to uncover a CAR HEADLIGHT -- then a WINDSHIELD -- a casual hiding place at best. Ruth Merrill's cruiser. In the distance, the sound of heavy machinery digging at the site.

OVER AT THE CRUISER

Bent tries to summon backup help:

BENT
Home base, come in. Come in, home base, we need some back up!

But it just makes that same horrible ghostly sound.

BENT
Oh, Jesus, I don't like this.

JINGLES
Me neither.

BENT
I have a very bad feeling about being here --

Only for a truck to pull up right in back of them.

JINGLES
I saw that truck back in Haven, Bent. Parked in front of the diner.

THEIR POV - THE TRUCK

Delbert Chiles, carrying a bazooka-like contraption with a doorbell and smiling, gets out.

CHILES
You boys shouldn'ta snooped around like this. Shoulda gotten out while the getting was good.

AT THE POLICE CRUISER

Bent, upholstering his gun, gets out:

BENT
Hold it right there and put your hands up.

Chiles just grins and aims the barrel of his bazooka at them -- underneath it a length of corrugated culvert-pipe in some sort of wooden cradle.

CHILES
I said hold it, ya nosy parkers.

He pushes the doorbell of his fabulous new GADGET and quips:

CHILES
Avon calling.

A branch of GREEN FIRE shoots out, catching both troopers and their cruiser and enveloping them. Within the green little atomic bubble, little explosive YELLOW SPARKS indicate Bent and Jingles are firing their pistols.

CHILES

releases his finger,

THE TROOPERS

There's a sudden POP -- as the vivid, physical coherence of the image suddenly fades like a photograph and the fire winks out. The policemen are erased -- gone.

ON CHILES

Only to spot something on the pavement. He walks over, picks it up. It's

A SINGLE SHOE

With a sock-encased foot still inside it, still smoking:

ON CHILES

CHILES
Bet when you put that on this morning, Mr. Smart Old State Bear, you didn't have no idea where it would finish up tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He throws it up in the air -- and again fires his new gadget at it as

THE SHOE PLUS FOOT

zapped, gone, hasta la vista.

ON CHILES

Pleased as punch with the results:

CHILES
Hot diggity dog -- that sure works.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. DERRY MR. PAPERBACK - DAY

In this book and magazine shop, Ev addresses the long-haired earringed OWNER:

EV
You got one of them Atlases of Maine?

The owner reaches behind him on the wall, hands him one:

OWNER
Shows it in neat pieces, 600 square miles in each piece.

Ev pages through it to MAP 23 -- the township of Haven.

OWNER
That'll be nine smackeroos, old-timer.

EV
You got a copying machine?

AT THE COPYING MACHINE

As the annoyed owner watches, Ev Xeroxes the Haven map -- the machine FLASHING bright GREEN through the glass.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Empty at this hour except for Ev who, using a compass, draws a circle around the town of Haven on the map. Sits frowning over it, bending closer with his nose almost on the page.

WHAT HE SEES

the place where the compass point has gone in -- not in town but smack on the Derry Road bordering Burning Woods.

EV

draws a second circle -- a smaller one inside the first.

CLOSE ON THE CIRCLE

It's smack in the center of BURNING WOODS.

ON EV

Sure now -- but also scared:

EV
I gotta do something. I can't just sit here. But what?

CONTINUED:

VOICE
Mr. Hillman?

He looks up -- it's Butch Dugan.

INT. HOSPITAL SOFT-DRINK ROOM - NIGHT

As Dugan treats them both to colas from the vending machine:

EV
I've known Ruth Merrill for better'n' forty years. Our families had dinner together. Hell, we even went fly fishing together.

DUGAN
It just about broke her heart that we didn't find your grandson, Mr. Hillman. Do you have any idea what could have happened to her?

Ev clearly does but a look in the lawman's face says he's heard things about his being crazy.

EV
I can see you expect me to start raving.

DUGAN
Try me. What won't I believe? Name one thing.

EV
Half the people in Haven are different and the other half soon will be.

DUGAN
Different? You mean like in that old movie about the giant pods? Body snatched or something?

EV
Ayuh. There's a whole town goin crazy down the road.

DUGAN
Are you saying there's some sort of..conspiracy going on in Haven?

EV
Oh, there's a conspiracy, all right. You're damn tooting there is. One hell of a conspiracy --

He looks up to see Dugan looking at him like he's insane.

CONTINUED:

EV (cont)
I guess I ain't gonna disappoint you after all.

DUGAN
After what you've been through, it's natural you're..distraught.

Ev tries again -- whispers confidentially:

EV
The way I figure it, it wasn't Hilly's fault. They did something to Davey. They really did it. They've got Ruth, too.

DUGAN
'They?'

EV
The Tommyknockers.

Dugan -- fearing the worst -- asks gingerly:

DUGAN
And just who might they be?

Ev leans forward, whispers conspiratorially:

EV
Indian spirits.

EXT. HAVEN BAR - AFTERNOON

Gard, a few sheets to the wind and feeling no pain, emerges with Freeman Moss:

GARD
Remember, now -- this is our little secret.

MOSS
Don't worry -- I always say what the little woman doesn't know won't hurt her. Or you.

GARD
You're a philosopher, sir.

Elt Barker, closing up for the night, spots them:

BARKER
Hey, Gardener -- did those Staties find you?

GARD
No. Where are they?

BARKER
Gone. I told em you were looking for em.

GARD
They left?

BARKER
That's right. They're gone.

GARD
Damn.

MOSS
Done is done, son.

GARD
Done is done, you're right. I was probably hallucinating, anyway.

MOSS
Sure you don't want me to run ya home? The missus won't be pleased if you end up like a pretzel around a tree.

GARD
No, that's okay. This old pickup won't go very fast, anyway.

MOSS
Word of advice, son? The older I get, the less I understand wimmen, Can't kill em, can't eat em, might as well do what they want you to.

GARD
Shoot a pickle.

MOSS
Ayuh.

Waving goodbye, Gard heads for his car in the alley. As he turns the corner, Moss' smiles fades -- his expression cold.

GARD

gets in the pickup, glimpses his disheveled and drunk face in the rear view mirror:

GARD
Man on horseback -- that's a laugh. You'd have a heart attack if someone asked you to be a man on a tricycle, you lame old lush.
(closing his eyes)
Shoot the damn pickle...

CONTINUED:

And promptly snuggles in behind the wheel and falls asleep.

INT. DERRY HOME HOSPITAL - NIGHT

One look at Dugan's face and Ev knows it's all over:

EV
I should have known you wouldn't believe me.

DUGAN
I'm trying, but you're not making it very easy.

EV
Go home to your family.

DUGAN
Ruth Merrill was my family, old man, I don't have time for games about Indian spirits and things that can't be, so if you know anything real now's the time to spit it out.

EV
I see you already got it in your mind I'm bughouse, and nothing I say persuades you any different.

DUGAN
Mr. Hillman --

EV
Goodnight, Trooper.

He limps away down the hall leaving Dugan shaking his head.

EXT. ALLEY OFF THE COMMON - NIGHT

Dark now as Gard wakes up in the pickup -- it's hours later, he's been sleeping off the binge. Hungover from the binge, his head aching -- making him groan in agony. Then he hears a low, faint HUM. He gets out of the car -- the HUM louder now -- and makes his way to the end of the alley to see:

EXT. THE COMMON - NIGHT

TOWNSPEOPLE come out -- summoned by this low, steady HUM.

GARD

Gard watches from the dark safety of the alley as

GARD'S POV - THE TOWNSPEOPLE

dark shapes and white faces that barely seem human.

CLOSE ON GARD

As hidden here, he watches open-mouthed in wonder:

GARD'S POV - THE TOWNSPEOPLE

They step out of the dark and on the Common under the street lamps. Men, women and children we've come to know: the Applegates (Barney, Olga and Henry --none of them needing glasses now); Dick Allison with Hazel McCready, Chiles and Nancy and Freeman Moss. Others we haven't seen in a while, too -- young vet DR. ETHERIDGE and his AIDE; the FAT WOMAN whose dog bit her and the little GIRL who stepped on Peter's leash; the WORKER from Central Maine Power. All answering the same hypnotic summons.

ON GARD

hung-over, wondering if he's hallucinating.

GARD'S POV - THE TOWNSPEOPLE

As they step into the light, we see that all are well on their way to being transformed -- their eyes unusually large and bright, the men's hairlines receding, the women painfully gaunt. They stand there in anticipation -- waiting for something -- someone. And then

ON THE GREEN

a FIGURE is emerging from the darkness in silhouette.

GARD

steps forward as far as he dares to see

ON THE BANDSTAND

As BOBBI steps into the light. A changed, new and improved Bobbi -- her eyes burning bright GREEN LIGHT as she adddresses the assembled. Their leader.

BOBBI
The time of Becoming is at hand.

Nancy and Delbert step forward -- GREEN LIGHT streaming from their eyes now, too.

NANCY & DELBERT
Yes.

BOBBI
The time that all of us will be welded into one consciousness.

Dick Allison and Mabel Noyes step forward, now -- GREEN LIGHT pouring from their eyes, too.

CONTINUED:

DICK ALLISON
Yes.

MABEL NOYES
Yes.

BOBBI
A communal network of One Voice.

FREEMAN MOSS
One Voice!

From another side of the Common, others come forward now:

OTHERS
One Voice!

And now more townspeople from another corner -- like negative batteries that have made contact point with Bobbi's positive energy. Louder:

OTHERS
ONE VOICE!

Now from all four sides of the Common, the good citizens of Haven -- their eyes glowing GREEN -- speak as one loud bellowing bolt of thunder:

ALL OF THEM
ONE VOICE!

ON GARD

instantly sobered. Barely daring to breathe.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE COMMON

As Bobbi -- the new, improved, visionary Bobbi blazes:

BOBBI
Yes. One great powerful voice that will know more...

ASSEMBLED
YES!

BOBBI
Do more...

ASSEMBLED
YES!

BOBBI
That will soon be free. But we must be careful. The next few days is a critical period for us as we reach the final phase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NANCY VOSS
How long do the physical changes go on?

BOBBI
Not much longer. Is everything in readiness?

CHILES
The detour signs are up.

DICK ALLISON
All traffic will be rerouted. No one will get in.

BOBBI
But if they do -- the future of everything hangs in the balance. If someone gains entrance after all --

MABEL NOYES
The boarder guards will be activated.

HAZEL
Monitoring and in place.

NANCY VOSS
Anyone who makes it through will wish they didn't.

CHILES
Like those two Staties. They got a nasty surprise.

ON GARD

as he inches closer to listen with horror as

ON THE GREEN

An angry Bobbi chastizes Chiles:

BOBBI
If you'd hidden Ruth's car properly, like I told you to, that wouldn't have been necessary. Their disappearance will only raise more questions.

DELBERT
They were going to get away and blab, what else could I do?

BOBBI
In time they would have Become.

CONTINUED:

NANCY
Not everyone has Become.

BOBBI
They will. It just takes longer in some cases, but they'll Become, too.

MABEL
What about your man? He hasn't.

ON GARD

Dumbstruck in horror as he hears them discussing him;

ON THE GREEN

BOBBI
He will. It will happen to him, too.

NANCY
I can't read his mind.

ELT BARKER
We don't know what he's thinking.

FREEMAN MOSS
He's not like us. He's immune to somehow...

DICK ALLISON
Like a closed door that should be open...

BOBBI
It's that steel plate in his head -- it interacts somehow.

NANCY
He's dangerous.

BOBBI
One man? A drunk?
(a beat)
Plate or not, he helped us. We've gotten this far thanks to him.

CHILES
He could mean the end of us.

BOBBI
He just has to be watched. Soon he'll be on the team.

CHILES
I say he goes.

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
And I say not. Leave him to me.

A long beat; the others grudgingly nod and mutter their assent with Bobbi. Knowing he's outnumbered, Chiles gives in.

BOBBI
Anyone else have a problem?
(no)
Good. It's time for all of you to join me out at the dig so the Becoming can be completed at last.

IN THE ALLEY

Gard, horrified and afraid, backs up into a garbage can which falls with a noisy clatter to the ground.

BARNEY APPLEGATE

sees him -- his new razor-sharp eyes spotting him with X-ray precision as he points at him.

GARD

seeing the boy see him -- like a frightened deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming car.

GARD'S POV - THE OTHERS

In unison turn as one body without anyone saying a word. Like an army of puppets with one master pulling their cords.

ON GARD

but still he can't move -- a stalemate of a stare. Paralyzed. Then

CLOSE ON NANCY VOSS

her face filling the screen in a scream of rage and urgency:

NANCY
Get him!

GARD

breaks his paralysis and runs for his truck. Manages to get

IN THE PICKUP

hands shaking, he turns the key in the ignition and stomps on the accelerator as

GARD'S POV - AHEAD OF HIM

They're coming for him --

GARD'S PICKUP

belches into life -- and he floors it -- just as

A FLANK OF MEN

Chiles, Moss, Elt Barker and the mechanic from the Shell Station are coming for him. They grab onto the car to try to stop him -- Elt Barker tackling the windshield.

GARD

drives through their midst as

THE PICKUP

knocks some of them over -- Elt flying off the windshield as

GARD

keeping going -- faster -- burning rubber.

THE TOWNSPEOPLE

As they watch in frustration.

THEIR POV - GARD'S PICKUP

receding in the distance as it speeds out of town.

ANGLE ON BOBBI

watching him escape.

ON THE COMMON

Chiles screams and brings his left fist down as hard as he can, breaking all four fingers and not even noticing in his raving, infantile fury --

CHILES
Son-of-a-bitch!!!!

NANCY
I knew we should have gotten rid of that goddamn lush! Permanently.

CHILES
Where my popgun?

BOBBI
Let him go.

CHILES
Go?! He's mine --

Freeman Moss suddenly blocks his path.

CONTINUED:

FREEMAN MOSS
She said let him go.

In that instant, a fist-fight almost breaks out -- a momentary hateful exchange as tempers flare murderously:

CHILES
Out of my way, old man!

FREEMAN MOSS
I'll thump you, I swear I will!

BOBBI
Enough.

CHILES
But if he gets away --

BOBBI
Don't worry. He won't get far.

INT. GARD'S PICKUP - MOVING - NIGHT

Constantly checking the rear-view as he careens down Main Street, expecting to see cars in pursuit, someone on their way to stop him. Still a bit drunk so all his faculties aren't what they should be, taking a corner a bit faster than he should and running over the curb.

LEAVING HAVEN

the streets quiet, his is the only car out.

GARD'S POV - IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

the road behind him still clear, no one following.

CLOSER ON GARD

trying to figure out the silence as his heart pounds, looking frantically in the mirrors for his pursuers:

GARD
Where are they? Where the hell are they?!

But as the village drops behind, still no sign of them.

ONTO DERRY ROAD

as town ends and country begins, no vehicles give belated chase. They've let him go -- or have they? He looks out

GARD'S POV - THE HAVEN TOWN-LINE MARKER

As it goes by -- a defective STREET LAMP from above blinks on and off as it picking up its cheery farewell -- YOU ARE NOW LEAVING HAVEN -- A LITTLE PIECE OF HEAVEN. COME BACK SOON.

ON GARD

He's made it out -- crossed the line with no trouble at all. Escaped! Speeding off when he passes

GARD'S POV - A PUBLIC PAY PHONE

Like a little lit-up sentry in the road -- perhaps 100 yards back now -- and 100 yards over the Haven line.

GARD

brakes and tires squealing, pulls over on the shoulder. Instead of backing up, he gets out of the truck, leaving the keys in the ignition, and starts toward the phone:

GARD
They'll get here, oh yeah -- then we'll see what you have to say -- the Feds'll take care of this --

GARD'S POV - THE PAY PHONE

Ahead of him -- except it starts to swim slightly, to get blurry. He sees TWO phone stands, then THREE. He blinks and the image comes back together into ONE.

ON GARD

feeling dizzy suddenly -- weirder -- he slows and looks at

THE PAY PHONE

Only twenty feet away but it seems suddenly underwater -- as it begins DOUBLING and TREBLING again -- seeming to move in and out of focus in slow, woozy cycles.

ON GARD

harder to walk -- weirder and weirder, his legs rubber. He turns to see

GARD'S POV - THE PICKUP

as he moves away from it -- it suddenly seems a million miles away like the other end of a telescope.

ON GARD

every step costing enormous effort as he approaches the phone -- in SLO MO now, his legs weighted down like anvils. He lowers his head and continues -- mouth drawn in a grimace of effort, cords standing out on his neck like a man walking into a gale-force wind -- like his way has been blocked by an invisible, nylon stocking -- his chest and lungs aching from the effort of fighting this inexplicable barrier.

CLOSER ON GARD

CONTINUED:

puzzled, he looks over

ACROSS THE ROAD INTO HAVEN

Where the dust raised through the lamplight reveal a palpable difference in the AIR -- the HAVEN AIR just across the border visible, tangible and <u>different</u>. Think about what it looks like from a plane making your descent into L.A. and just exaggerate that air quality vision a little on a day when the air quality is 'unacceptable," not all that very much if the truth were told. The air inside Haven is, in a word, <u>GREEN</u> as opposed to the air outside -- clear.

CLOSE ON GARD

as it dawns on him with horrible certainty just why they let him go. He <u>can't</u> leave, can't survive outside Haven -- the clear air has become an alien and inimical atmosphere

AT THE PHONE

Coughing, his eyes tearing, he dials. TUG ELLENDER picks up on the other end at the DERRY STATE POLICE BARRACKS. The connection as clear as a bell:

TUG (OS)
Derry State Police.

Gard gasps -- all that comes out is a dry, rasping sound:

GARD
'lo?

TUG
I'm sorry, I can't hear you. You'll have to speak up.

But Gard can barely breathe much less speak -- a dry whisper:

GARD
Help -- please -- help --

INT. DERRY STATE POLICE BARRACKS - NIGHT

As Dugan comes by, surveying the situation:

TUG
State Police? Is someone there?

DUGAN
Problem, Tug?

TUG
Somebody's there, all right, but I can't get what they're saying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUGAN
Probably just some punk having a fine old time pulling our chain.
(taking the microphone)
Hello?

THE RECEIVER

dangling on the wire -- Dugan's voice squawking in the air:

DUGAN (OS)
This is the State Police -- is anybody there?

We PAN OVER to see

GARD

struggling back toward the border but losing his footing -- down now -- crying out as he sprawls to the pavement.

OVERHEAD SHOT

Gard crawls agonizingly back toward Haven -- using his arms to pull himself, taking every last bit of energy to move his body against the invisible resistance. He can't make it back to the pickup -- he'll be lucky if he makes it at all.

CLOSE ON GARD

sounding like he's having an emphysema attack, asphyxiating -- like a man walking in a wind tunnel -- as if blocked by an invisible nylon stocking and unable to generate forward motion as he slowly and excruciatingly

AT THE BORDER

As he crawls back into the green air environment across under the sign illuminated by the blinking street lamp: WELCOME TO HAVEN -- A LITTLE PIECE OF HEAVEN - POP. 743.

ON GARD

sobbing from effort and futility, gasping and crying a little from the pain, realizing he's trapped here -- no escape.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. HILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Ev, in a dozing sleep, is having a nightmare. We MOVE IN -- into his dreams:

EV'S VISION -- A BUBBLE

Dark green and impenetrable when suddenly, like a pale ghost, Davey's face appears inside trapped on the other side -- his little white hands pressing flat against the glass:

DAVEY
Help me, Grandpa, it hurts to breathe! Help me, I'm scared! I didn't want to do the trick, but Hilly made me and now I can't find my way home!

EV

jerks awake, his face bathed in sweat, to the sound of muffled laughter. In the hall, a young ORDERLY makes time with a giggling NURSE. He overhears them:

INTERN
What's the old man doing here? It's after visiting hours. Boot him out.

NURSE
Leave him be. He's sorta sad.

INTERN
Yeah, you're right. It'll be a miracle if the kid lasts more than another day.

They move on. Ev sobs in despair -- only to hear:

HILLY
G.I. Joes...

He stirs in his half-dream state, eyes closed, delirious:

HILLY (cont)
All my G.I. Joes..

EV
It's Gramps, Hilly. Where's your brother? Where is Davey?

And with that, the boy half sits, his eyes pop open -- like a blind sibyl, a watery, unseeing, unnerving stare:

HILLY
With the Tommyknockers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EV
And where's that, Hilly?

HILLY
The woods. Burning Woods... He's in Burning Woods, and there's Tommyknockers, Tommyknockers, knocking at the door.

His eyes slip shut and he slips back into the coma again. Ev, the only witness to this, stands over him, his face bathed in sweat, perfectly motionless.

EV
Okay, son. It's gonna be okay.

EXT. DERRY ROAD - NIGHT

Gard comes along on foot in the too silent darkness. Suddenly lights on the road -- someone coming. A jeep pulls over, and the driver opens the door. It's Bobbi:

BOBBI
Get in.

INT. JEEP - MOVING - NIGHT

Bobbi driving down the dark road, Gard in the passenger seat:

GARD
What are you going to do? Zap me, too?

BOBBI
Of course not. I love you.

GARD
The old Bobbi did. I'm not sure about you. Or your friends, like the new and improved Chiles.

BOBBI
He's no friend of mine.

GARD
Yeah, well good old Del has his gun-happy eye on flash-frying me, too. I bet the Pentagon would find that little bazooka of his pretty interesting. Is that another little offshoot of that thing -- weaponry?

BOBBI
I'll take care of you. I'll protect you.

CONTINUED:

GARD
Why would you do that?

BOBBI
I told you. I love you. No matter how this turns out, I still do. I never asked to stumble over the thing. Free will was not a factor here.

GARD
But you chose to dig it up.

BOBBI
You don't really think a person chooses something like that, do you? Do you think people can choose to put away any knowledge once they've seen the edge of it?

GARD
I have been picketing nuclear power plants on that assumption, yes.

BOBBI
No, I'm sorry, but no. When ordinary people see something sticking out of the ground, they've got to dig it up. They've got to dig it up because it might be treasure.

GARD
And you didn't have the slightest inkling that there would be... consequences?

BOBBI
Not a hunch in the world.

GARD
But Pete knew, didn't he? He didn't like it.

BOBBI
No, he didn't.

She sharply turns off the Old Derry Road pavement and

EXT. WOODS - (MOVING) NIGHT

Onto a dirt road now as they move into the dark forest:

GARD
What's in there, Bobbi? Little men with fishy faces and gills on their necks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
Haven't you heard? There are no such things as flying saucers.

GARD
Who says?

BOBBI
The Air Force, for one.

GARD
Yeah, well it sounds like the Bogeyman to me. Was Hilly Brown right? Have the Tommyknockers got Davey?

BOBBI
I think if there are occupants -- Tommyknockers is as good a name for them as any -- I think they -- the actual physical they -- have been dead for a long time. Probably long before men existed on earth.

GARD
Then how are you receiving messages?

BOBBI
Caruso's dead, but he's still singing on a lot of records, isn't he?

GARD
I guess for once in my life this goddamn plate has come in handy.

BOBBI
But you can't hear their Voices, either. They're speaking to us, telling us their secrets, but you can't hear them. That's why you don't know how wonderful it is -- the Becoming.

GARD
Have you taken a good look at yourself lately?

He angles the rear view mirror so it reflects her:

ON BOBBI

her skin almost transparent now -- veins and capillaries inside faintly revealed. After-images of green light on her eyes as whatever this process is accelerates rapidly.

ANGLE ON GARD

GARD
You're changing -- your brain, your teeth, your eyes --

BOBBI
It's part of the Becoming.

GARD
You're being eaten up! It's as if someone turned your thermostat all the way to the end of the dial and you're burning yourself up.

BOBBI
I'm still me. I'm the same as ever

GARD
Yeah, well I think an X-ray of your brain would make a neurologist run screaming for cover.

BOBBI
It's beautiful. When the Becoming is finished, we'll all see with One eye.
(a beat)
We're so close -- you'll see.

GARD
And Davey Brown -- what happened to him?

BOBBI
There's a time in the Becoming that's dangerous...when the human mind fights the alien mind. It can go either way. Davey Brown was an example not to resist -- what can happen if you fight the change.

GARD
And Ruth -- was she an example, too?

BOBBI
She got in the way -- people sometimes get in the way of good causes.

GARD
Did you zap her, too?

BOBBI
Ruth's serving the greater good. She's helping us become.

GARD
I'll bet. Where's the boy?

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
Safe for now.

GARD
Bring him back.

BOBBI
Things have gone too far. Besides, I've a feeling he may come in handy.

INT. DERRY POLICE BARRACKS - DISPATCHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dugan stands over Tug Ellender as he tries to make contact with Bent and Jingles, but he's having no luck reaching them.

DUGAN
What do you mean you can't reach em?

TUG
The lines in Haven must be down.

DUGAN
Which lines?

TUG
All of em. Some kind of storm, maybe?

EV
A hell of a storm, all right.

Dugan turns to find Ev in the doorway:

INT. DUGAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dugan gazes up at Ev from behind his desk

EV
For starters, you've got three disappearances that are a lot more related than you understand: my grandson David, Ruth Merrill -- my friend as well as yours -- and now your two troopers. Course you think I'm just some crazy old rip --

DUGAN
Keep going.

EV
You see, I got to thinking there were a lot of fishy things going in the woods around Haven over the years -- hunters getting lost, sometimes coming out embarrassed, sometimes never coming out at all.

CONTINUED:

DUGAN
All woods have stories like these.

Ev thrusts Xeroxes of newspaper clippings onto his desk.

EV
Oh, we got all sorts of special things.. folks going crazy and shooting each other for no reason --

More clippings -- a flurry of them now --

EV (cont)
Men murdering whole families and then killing themselves --

Even more now -- a flood of clippings.

EV (cont)
All sorts of queer goings on. It's like this big jigsaw puzzle -- once you see the pattern you wonder how you could have missed it.

DUGAN
You're telling me these things are connected? Impossible.

EV
Yep, any normal person would say that. Fifty years ago, people felt the same about an atomic bomb or the idea of TV, let alone a video recorder that nobody knows how to work. Most people see only as far as the horizon, Sheriff, and that's all. If someone says there's something over it, people don't listen. But something's there, all right, something that's made the whole town go to hell fast now.

DUGAN
How can you stand there babbling all that crazy stuff and sound so <u>sane</u>? Why am I listening to you?

EV
Because when something bad happens to someone you love, it leaves a black hole in the middle of your heart. If you can get hold of the someone or something that was responsible, it makes the hole a little smaller. You feel that way about Ruth Merrill, and I feel that way about my grandsons.

(CONTINUED)

DUGAN
Soon as it's light, I'm going back there to get to the bottom of this.

EV
I'm coming with you.

EXT. THE SITE - NIGHT

As Bobbi and Gard pull up in the pickup truck, the roar of heavy machinery digging. The site is now lit up like an airplane landing field -- klieg lights set up for night-work. She takes him over to the edge of what is now a ragged slash running better than 300 yards from right to left and yawning sixty feet across at its widest point. Chainfalls, chippers, excavation equipment all working to unearth this monstrous thing glittering dully in the makeshift lights.

GARD'S POV - THE HILLSIDE BELOW

The men, women and children of Haven have turned out for the dig like worker ants, making enormous progress.

GARD

the feeling of unreality never so strong in his life as he takes in this awesome sight of all of Haven working en masse.

GARD
My God...

BOBBI
We're going to try to reach the opening tonight. Tomorrow at the latest.
(a beat)
They're dead, Gard. Dead. We're going to go in, and learn their secrets.

GARD
They're bad, Bobbi. Yeah, sure, they gave you a cornucopia of mind-blowing gadgets, but whatever's in there is bad stuff.

BOBBI
You've had said the same thing about the Ark of the Covenant.

GARD
You're not saying there's God in there --

BOBBI
Maybe a kind of God..and even if that God has fled, it has left some residue..some of itself...and wonderful things are waiting.

GARD
And if you're wrong? If you're being fooled?
(a beat)
It's not too late. We could still get help --

One look at her:

GARD
No, I suppose not.

INT. GARD & BOBBI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobbi about to lock Gard in -- Freeman Moss stationed on the porch to keep watch on him with a rifle.

BOBBI
Don't try to leave here.

GARD
I'm your prisoner, is that it?

BOBBI
If you put it that way. Don't push your luck with Mr. Moss. He'd hate to do it, but he'll kill you.
(a beat)
I have business in the shed. Me and a few others -- they'll be joining me. Time's gotten short.

GARD
What's in there, Bobbi?

BOBBI
Things that help to speed up the Becoming.

About to leave, she stops at the door -- turns:

BOBBI (cont)
(heartfelt)
It's not too late, you know. You could change your mind. Join us.

GARD
Why would you want that?

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
I want you on the team. If there's anyone in the world I love, it's you.

GARD
And just who are you?

BOBBI
I'm still me. I'm the same as ever.

GARD
That's the biggest lie of all. You still think of yourself as a human being -- that's some dance of untruth you're doing while you shed your old skin and puts on a new one. You didn't even write your book -- it did.

BOBBI
Come with me.

GARD
No, whatever's in there, I'll pass.

She hands him a bottle of scotch.

BOBBI
Here. Maybe this will help you 'become.'

GARD
UFOs go better with scotch, huh?

With a look of sadness, she leaves, locking the door behind her. He opens the bottle and tips it up, drinking deep to anesthetize himself. Sees Moss peering in at him through the porch window:

GARD
I thought we were friends.

CHILES
You ain't like us.

Gard grins -- his smile spreading into a genuine if nonetheless cynical and overriding grin:

GARD
You're right. I'm the one that isn't going to have to buy a set of teeth from Sears and Roebuck when all this is over.

At that moment, there's the sound of tires on gravel in the driveway as car HEADLIGHTS sweep the house.

GARD'S POV - THE DRIVEWAY

Bobbi meets a half-dozen visitors -- Nancy Voss, Delbert Chiles, Mabel Noyes, Dick Allison, Bryant Brown and the Shell Station mechanic. They make their way to the SHED where she uses her key to open the padlock.

ON GARD

watching -- what the hell is this?

GARD'S POV - THE SHED

As she opens the door, brilliant GREEN LIGHT pours out.

ON GARD

witnessing this in horror:

GARD
What've you got in there, Bobbi? A time machine that runs on Penlites? What kind of shot of brain food are you giving them? How are you souping them up more than the rest of the resident geniuses?

GARD'S POV - THE SHED

Radiant GREEN light streams out, flooding the driveway and the house. Pulsing, flashing as Bobbi and her party vanish into it.

GARD

taking another drink from the bottle to blot out this horror.

INT. HILLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAWN

Ev bids an unconscious Hilly a teary goodbye:

EV
I may not see you for a while now, but I just wanted to tell you I think you'll get over this bad patch, and if I can help you do it, I guess I will be just about the happiest grandad in the world. I'm going to try to do what's right. I'm going to try to find Davey and bring him back if I can. So that's about it, little guy -- little guy named after me: I love you, and I hope to see you again.

INT. BOBBI AND GARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bottle half-gone now -- Gard passed out with his mouth open. He jerks awake with a start as he hears a humming sound. Goes over to the window:

WHAT HE SEES - THE SHED

As Bobbi and her visitors come out -- like tourists from the boonies returning from their first trip to Lourdes. All of their eyes are larger, pupils oddly misshapen, still glowing. The physical changes have accelerated, too -- Nancy grinning toothlessly; a large portion of Chiles' hair has disappeared; an expression in Bobbi's eyes -- no more human than a trout -- that should scare us half to death.

ON GARD

deeply afraid now, he takes another drink -- deliberately trying to get blotto. He feels the liquid fire hitting his belly and spreading -- everything else fading as the world disappears and he succeeds -- in blacking out.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - MOVING - EARLY MORNING

On the way to Haven -- Dugan at the wheel, Ev holding the map up almost to his nose. In the cold light of day:

DUGAN
(aloud)
I must be crazy. I really must be.

EV
In the next hour or so, you're gonna have a much better idea what crazy is.

DUGAN
Do you have some actual place in mind? Or are we just going to ramble around?

EV
I got a place, all right. Big Injun Woods -- in my day me and my friends called it that -- they call it Burning Woods now. The Indians thought it was cursed. Boy, howdy, were they right! Pal of mine once got lost for a week -- when he stumbled out, he said his compass didn't work, that he got turned around, that somebody stole his brains -- he was a real laughingstock, he was.
(fingering the smallest circle on the map)
There -- that's the exact center of Haven.

DUGAN
Who lives there now?

EV
A writer. Roberta Anderson. And her fella. Drunk by the name of --

DUGAN
Gardener.

INT. ANDERSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Gard comes to out of his drunken haze to find Bobbi shaking his shoulder:

BOBBI
Wake up, Gard. It's time.

CONTINUED:

GARD
Go away.

BOBBI
Time for the final push.

Hung over and looking like hell, he cocks open one eye:

GARD
Woke up last night in my old brass bed --
Saw the folks going into the Tommyknocker shed --
Could have looked in
But I didn't quite dare --
Don't want to know what goes on in there.
(a wink)
Not exactly ready for the Yale Poetry Judges, is it?

BOBBI
I've been building things out there. Me and a few others.

GARD
You and your Quiz Kids.

BOBBI
Things to help the Becoming speed up. Gard -- we're almost there. We started this, you and me --

GARD
No. <u>You</u> started it, Bobbi. You literally stumbled over it. Back when Peter was alive. Remember?

BOBBI
(a flicker of pain, then)
You were here soon enough. I want us to do this together, Gard. You and me. One more mile -- what do you say?

GARD
Never.

BOBBI
Look, I can't protect you any longer if you don't. The others don't trust you.

GARD
Yeah, well I'm not real wild about them, either.

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
They think I should rid of you.

GARD
Why don't you?

BOBBI
I told you -- I still love you. I'm human enough for that.

GARD
Are you sure?

BOBBI
You can't say you're not curious. You know you want to know what's in there -- right or wrong, you do.

GARD
Do I have a choice?

She looks at him silently; no further answer is necessary.

EXT. HAVEN/ALBION TOWN LINE - DAY

As Ev and Dugan approach in the jeep, they see the visible separation of air -- a wall of GREEN AIR.

DUGAN
What the hell --

EV
I guess Los Angeles ain't the only one with poor air quality.

Without another word, Dugan drives the jeep

ACROSS THE BORDER

As they pull into the green tinged air, the AM signal on the radio suddenly begins to waver and flutter. Then a wave of applause pours out as they hear:

C&W ANNOUNCER
Yessir, ladies and gentlemen -- that was Garth Brooks live and in person at the Grand Ole Opry!

DUGAN
Holy cow, that's Nashville --

CLOSE ON THE RADIO

As the channel bounces up the band to the next station -- "Live from the Met" in New York, an opera -- and then WEBE from New Haven playing a rock 'n' roll oldie, Lesley Gore singing "It's My Party." A weatherman from the BBC announces

CONTINUED:

a cold front in the Cotswolds. The Beach Boys'"Be True to Your School." In Japanese. And then more and more -- a sea of voices flooding out, all of them bellclear. Hand shaking, Dugan snaps the radio off --

DUGAN
What in the Sam Hill --

EV
Still think I'm crazy?

DUGAN
Like a fox.

EV
What the hell could do something like that?

DUGAN
A nuclear accident?

EV
There's no plant around here for miles.

DUGAN
Some kind of chemical spill?

EV
That improves radio reception?

The dials on the dashboard suddenly go crazy, and right there, in the middle of the road, the motor just dies -- drops dead -- and the jeep comes to a full stop.

DUGAN
One thing stops cars dead.
(a beat)
One other thing. A UFO.

EV
Now who's flipping crazy?

ON THE ROAD

Ev and Dugan make their way on foot -- only to find they're alone. No cars. No tractors in the fields. No boys walking barefoot along the side of the road with fishing rods. Nothing in any direction. Ev cocks an ear -- eerily silent.

EV
Listen.

DUGAN
What? I don't hear anything.

CONTINUED:

EV
Exactly. No birds. No animals. No nothing.

EXT. HAVEN VILLAGE - THE COMMON - DAY

They walk in to discover everything looking perfectly normal -- except one thing. It's 10 AM and beautiful downtown Haven is completely empty. No people, nothing. Eerily, utterly dead. The sun shimmering down on a veritable ghost town. Ev looks over to see Dugan rubbing his head:

EV
You got a headache?

DUGAN
I feel like someone slipped me a couple of sleeping pills.

EV
Me, too. How long were you here the other day before you started feeling weird? No -- don't tell me. You were going to say an hour or so, right?

DUGAN
Right, but --

EV
Now think about my mother's maiden name.

DUGAN
What?! How would I -- ?

EV
Go on, try to think about it.

DUGAN
McClausland. It's McClausland How the hell --

EV
There's something in the woods making us both mind readers, and we're going to find it and take some pitchers of it. Then I want to find my grandson and get the hell out of here. What do you say?

DUGAN
I say we're gonna blow the whistle on this craziness -- find some way to shut whatever it is down before it's too late.

CONTINUED:

EV
I'm glad you're with me, Trooper.

DUGAN
You're not too bad yourself, old man. In your day you must have been quite a high rider. Want a cold one for the road?

EV
Thanks. I'll check the map for the best way in.

As he reviews the map, Dugan crosses the street

TO THE SHELL STATION

Calling out to Ev as he puts quarters in the vending machine.

DUGAN
Hey, Everett -- classic or diet?

EV
Hell, let's splurge.

But nothing happens. He hits the side with his hand -- still nothing. Pushes the coin return button a couple of times:

DUGAN
Oh, c'mon...you stupid --

He kicks it in frustration but no luck.

DUGAN
Aw, the hell with it --

He starts back toward Ev -- halfway across the street when he hears a click and a low hum behind him. He turns

DUGAN'S POV - THE COKE MACHINE

shimmering in the hot sun. On top, someone has jammed a little red thermometer. It's <u>twitching</u>.

ON DUGAN

Baffled -- what's a meat thermometer doing stuck on top of a soft-drink machine?

THE COKE MACHINE

suddenly starts moving slowly toward him.

ON DUGAN

blinking -- his jaw dropping. Got to be a hallucination. 600-pound Coca-Cola vending machines do <u>not</u> come to life and float in the air. A half laugh as

THE COKE MACHINE

Floating rapidly through the air like a jolly red and white rectangular hallucination with THE REAL THING emblazoned on its front, six and a half feet high and four feet wide. Overhauled into an animate boarder guard, it slices rapidly through the air, humming to itself and speeding up.

ON DUGAN

To hell with possible -- he just has time to leap to one side. It strikes his right shin and breaks it as it barrels by, knocking his pistol out of his hand. As he cries out:

DUGAN
Hillman!

EV

looks up to see it strike him --

DUGAN'S POV - THE COKE MACHINE

It banks around a gas pump, preparing to hone in and accelerate again. Hanging in the air for a moment as the thermometer twitches and gets him in its sights -- pausing then pointing at him. Coming toward him -- faster, faster -- slashing across the pavement, ready to dispatch the intruder.

DUGAN

As he gropes for his gun on the cement, he yells to Ev:

DUGAN
Get the hell out!

He grabs his pistol just in time -- starts to fire -- right at the glass display door.

THE COKE MACHINE

as it comes toward him -- the bullets shattering its glass window as they strikes home, coke bottles pouring out, coin holder spitting out quarters

ON DUGAN

Yelling a warning at Ev -- while he shoots as fast as he can

DUGAN
Get out! NOW!!

He pulls the trigger again and again --

THE VENDING MACHINE

as it looms toward him -- this 600-pound hunk of metal coming right for him -- spitting out soft drinks foaming and dripping from the broken necks of the bottles his bullets had shattered at forty miles an hour, bearing down on him.

ON EV

watching in horror, paralyzed as

THE COKE MACHINE

this speeding machine slams into Dugan -- thudding and crunching as it smashes into his skull -- running over him and carrying him along like a bug plastered to the windshield of a fast-moving car -- legs dragging on the road

ON EV

dumbstruck by the sight of it -- paralyzed.

EV'S POV - THE COKE MACHINE

finished with Dugan who slides off and flops onto the road. Then, its coin-holder spraying and spewing coins, it turns and spots Ev. Turns and arrows its sights right at him.

ON EV

who realizes its deadly programming. He limps as fast as he can toward the benches in front of Haven Lunch.

EV'S POV - THE COKE MACHINE

bulleting at him across the gas station like a torpedo.

CLOSER ON EV

There's no time to hide, nowhere to seek cover. He dives to the ground -- flat horizontal as

THE COKE MACHINE

comes at him with all its velocity, just missing him where he was a second ago -- hurling above him and smashing instead into the glass front window of Haven Lunch. Black smoke and a brief belch of green fire.

EXT. DERRY ROAD - DAY

Ev limping along the eerily quiet road -- no one to be seen in any direction.

EV
It's up to you, you old dog --

EXT. BURNING WOODS - DAY

Ev leaves the highway -- off the blacktop into the overgrown forest. Continuing chanting this mantra to give him courage:

EV
It's up to you now, up to you.

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF WOODS - DAY

Ev, clutching his camera, follows the sound of machinery -- up ahead --

EXT. LOGGING ROAD - DAY

Following the sound of the heavy digging machinery which grow into a throbbing roar as he gets closer, the earth beneath him now vibrating very rapidly.

THE SITE OF THE DIG

Half the hillside removed now as the Havenites are in the deep ravine -- in the process of cutting a base level 170 feet down.

CLOSE ON EV

Breathless at this spectacular vision:

EV'S POV - THE PEOPLE OF HAVEN

All of them -- Bobbi and Gard included -- working on the excavation of this titanic thing that will be large enough to dwarf an ocean liner.

CLOSE ON EV

hidden in the pines, peering out -- almost having to whisper it aloud to believe it himself:

EV
Jesus wept --!

Hands shaking, he raises his disk camera. Clicks off shots as fast as he can push the button. All the proof he needs. About to get the hell out of there when:

VOICE
Dad!

He turns -- it's Marie.

EV
Marie?

MARIE
Dad, I'm so glad to see you.

She embraces him -- seeming unchanged, not "become."

EV
Marie, is it really you?

MARIE
Of course it's me, Dad.

EV
We got to get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

MARIE
It's okay, Dad. Everything's okay.

He looks up -- a line of men and women stand in the trees. Out steps Bobbi:

BOBBI
Hello, Ev. Welcome back to Haven.

EV
Shame on you, Bobbi Anderson. Shame on you.

BOBBI
You've got nothing to fear, Ev.

EV
I want my grandson.

MARIE
Is it all right if I tell him?
(Bobbi nods)
We've found Davey.

The news confuses Ev -- the last thing he expected to hear:

EV
You what -- where?

MARIE
It's all right, Dad. It's all going to be all right.

EV
You found him?

BOBBI
We'll take you to him, and then you can stay or leave. It's up to you.

A beat; he nods, and Marie and Bobbi escort him back through the path toward the house.

GARD

further down the ravine watching this, starts to follow.

CHILES (OS)
Hey, you --

Gard turns -- it's Chiles:

CHILES (cont)
Where d'ya think you're going?

GARD
We need more explosives.

CHILES
You just stay there and think up rhymes or whatever it is Great Poets do. I don't trust you further than I can throw you.

GARD
Fine. You can get off your lazy fat butt and get them yourself.

They stare at each other; then Chiles backs down:

CHILES
You better pray like hell nothing happens to Bobbi. If something did, you'd suffer a fatal accident soon afterward.

GARD
Thank you for sharing that with me.

CHILES
You step out of line and I'll rip you up.

EXT. THE SHED - DAY

Bobbi takes her keyring from her pants and opens the lock. Then the door -- hinges creaking -- as brilliant GREEN LIGHT floods out. Ev takes an involuntary step backward -- scared.

EV
I don't...I don't want to go in there.

BOBBI
No one's forcing you, Ev.

MARIE
Come on, Dad. Don't you want to see Davey?

BOBBI
Marie's right, Ev. Be a shame if you came all this way back and didn't see him.

EV
All right.

The two women go in with Ev -- disappearing into a dazzling corona of light as we PULL BACK to REVEAL

GARD

watching, hidden in the bushes -- only to hear a liquid noise like the CHURNING of an old-fashioned washing machine -- the

CONTINUED:

light pulsing in time to it -- and then a blinding FLASH OF LIGHT as Ev screams in agony. And through the cracks, the pulses of light SPEED UP and become BRIGHTER. Gard watches unable to do anything -- powerless to act without being caught himself. The feeble, bubbly YAP of a drowning dog -- liquid, squelching sounds mixing in -- and then

THE SHED-DOOR

Opens and out come the two women without Ev now -- laughing -- their eyes glowing, big grins stretching their lips -- an afterimage of green light on their eyelids. Passing by him without seeing him.

IN THE OVERGROWN GARDEN

Gard, terrified as well as full of fury, makes his way back through the overgrown garden -- turns for a moment to look back at the shed -- only to hear leaves rustling and he turns back -- smack into Chiles.

CHILES
Where the hell's the stuff?

Gard's speechless -- looking every bit as guilty as he feels:

CHILES
I'm asking you a question.

He looks at Chiles -- blood is trickling from the corner of one of his eyes -- a single red tear.

GARD
Something in your eye's leaking, plumber.

CHILES
I'll give you leaking, you bastard!

He hits him hard -- knocking him down -- only for Bobbi to arrive to find out what all the ruckus is about.

BOBBI
What's going on? Chiles, I told you to leave him alone.

CHILES
Your pet drunk was snooping around.

BOBBI
What were you doing, Gard?

GARD
Nothing.

CONTINUED:

CHILES
The hell you wasn't --
(kicking him)
Answer her!

Only for Nancy Voss to yell up from below:

NANCY VOSS
Bobbi! Quick! We've found it!

They go over to the edge

THEIR POV - THE THING

In its vast featureless expanse, they've found a line -- an unmistakable line.

VERY CLOSE ON BOBBI

For her it's the equivalent of the Holy Grail. Whispering:

BOBBI
The opening.

ON GARD

watching her

ON THE CORE GROUP

whom we saw going into the shed with Bobbi -- no less of a moment for them.

NANCY VOSS
We've found the opening!

BOBBI
I knew it was there. That's it!
Just a little bit more, and we'll
have finished the dig!

ON GARD

reaction shot -- as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOBBI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Night now and Bobbi asleep. Gard carefully reaches into her jeans pocket and removes her keyring. She stirs, almost catching him. But she settles back into her slumber.

EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

As he carefully makes his way out -- Freeman Moss sound asleep on the swing with the gun on his lap, snoring.

EXT. THE SHED - NIGHT

As he approaches it:

GARD
What's in there, Bobbi? Ten thousand angels dancing on the head of a pin? The ghost of James Dean? What?

He unlocks the padlock. Opens the door -- hinges creaking as the GREEN LIGHT pours out -- so bright he has to take a step back. Then he hears what sounds like a washing machine in the back corner, and mixing in with it, a dog's whimpers.

GARD
Dear Christ, no. No.

Then he steps into the GREEN GLARE -- disappearing inside the glow of the corona.

END OF ACT V

ACT VI

INT. THE SHED - NIGHT

At first he can't make anything out in the fierce GREEN GLARE -- too bright. Having to walk with his hands held out in front of him like a groping blind man going toward the weird slisssh-slisshh-slisshhhh noise. But as his eyes adjust --

GARD'S POV - IN THE GLARE

He sees a bench off to the side -- and what is indeed an old-fashioned WASHING MACHINE with a wringer-roller at the top. But that's not what's making the noise.

GARD

moving further into the light -- into the source of the glow.

GARD'S POV - WHAT HE SEES

On a huge crate, a COMPUTER COMPLEX has been constructed out of a TV, old VCRs, circuit boards, a lawn mower, and god knows what else. The LIGHT -- unsteady, cycling, pulsing -- spills out of the TV SCREEN. Wires lead from it into circuit boards which in turn lead into the corner.

GARD

curious what kind of batteries are powering this system, his eyes follow the snaking path of wires which seem to lead to

OLD SHOWER CABINETS --

That's where the power is coming from -- the pulsing light and its relation to the sudsing sounds here very clear.

CLOSER ON GARD

comes a little closer and sees what the wires are attached to. An involuntary sound of revulsion escapes him -- as does his strength. He reaches out blindly -- his hand finding a bench as he plops down on it, unable to take his eyes from

GARD'S POV - THREE OLD GALVANIZED STEEL SHOWER CABINETS

The doors removed -- but there, floating and contained in some clear thick emerald green liquid -- are Ev, Ruth, and last of all, Peter.

ON GARD

unable to take his eyes away from this horrific, rivetting image -- feeling his sanity tottering.

GARD'S POV - EV, RUTH AND PETER

A big coaxial cable rungs out the center of Ruth's forehead;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

a similar one runs out of Ev's right eye, and dozens of smaller cords run out of Peter's brain. All the wires attached to them snaking out the back of the stalls onto the floor and into the COMPUTER COMPLEX which uses them as living batteries -- sucks them dry to power the bank of computers that annex the shed to the ship.

ON GARD

dumbstruck with horror and revulsion:

GARD
Jesus..oh my Jesus.

GARD'S POV - CLOSER ON PETER

his legs moving through the liquid in long dreamy sweeps as if trying to run away. Slishhh-slishhh, slishhh-slishhh...

GARD

About to cry, his stomach on the edge of revolt.

ANGLE ON RUTH AND EV

Dead or in suspended sleep animation -- when, in a startling moment, the old man opens his left eye, clearly seeing him. As he tries to speak/scream, BUBBLES float up from his mouth. Then, with enormous, agonizing effort, he points to the left of Gard. Gard follows his finger to

THE LIT TV SCREEN

No keyboard, but in the middle, two words suddenly appear:

THE BOY

GARD
What.. what boy?

And on the screen, at the same time Ev mouths it:

DAVEY. DAVEY BROWN

GARD
Where is he?

And once again, on the screen:

IN THE SHIP

And then:

SAVE HIM

(CONTINUED)

GARD
How..how would I do that?

The old man looks with pleading in his eyes, mouthing words:

EV
End it.

And on the screen appears at the same time:

END IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

Now Ruth's eyes open as well -- joining Ev in looking at him with anguish and pleading and horror and pain.

ON GARD

freaking at their misery. Then he looks

GARD'S POV - CLOSER ON PETER

his legs moving through the liquid -- slishhh-slishhh, slisshhh-slishhh. Seeing Gard, he whines in this liquid hell.

GARD

unable to stand another second -- bolts back out and flees

INTO THE GARDEN

gagging, crying, utterly freaked by this hellishly obscene discovery. Rams two fingers down his throat, pukes.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Legs rubbery, hands shaking, he struggles to open a bottle of scotch. Catches his reflection

GARD'S POV - IN THE GLASS CABINET DOOR

As he glimpses himself: a pathetic man trying to make the fear go away by giving in to his weakness and addiction.

GARD

So what -- he <u>is</u> scared, he <u>is</u> weak, he <u>is</u> addicted. He raises the bottle to his lips to drink -- only to look again:

GARD'S POV - CLOSER ON HIS REFLECTION

As he takes a good look at himself -- perhaps the first time in his life he really <u>sees</u> himself. Haunted by those crude powerful images of the shed, unable to forget them.

GARD

Stops -- not liking what he's seeing -- not scared now so much as enraged at himself, at the obscenity he's witnessed.

CONTINUED:

GARD
You fool. You stupid fool.

And with that, he slowly and decisively takes the bottle and pours it down the drain -- all of it glugging down the pipes.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

He stares at himself in the mirror -- in it, a new, changed Gard: afraid yes, but also furious now:

GARD
Long odds, Gard ole Gard. Long odds.

He takes a pliers -- grips one of his teeth -- and as he yanks it out, we cut away sharply.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobbi wakes with a start -- sensing something in the room.

BOBBI
Gard?

GARD
I've had a visitor.

BOBBI
What is it?

GARD
The Tooth Fairy.

She looks at him -- what's he talking about?

GARD (cont)
I finally lost one. Right in front.

He opens his mouth to reveal a gap where a front tooth was -- a trickle of blood from the socket goes down his chin.

GARD (cont)
You were right after all. Working so close to it, I guess plate or no plate, I'm on my way to becoming new and improved.

BOBBI
Do you feel any different?

GARD
A little.

BOBBI
You will -- oh, you will.

Then she hesitates a moment as the alien part of her looks at him sceptically. Wary -- leaping to conclusions too fast.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBI
Wait.

GARD
What?

BOBBI
I still can't read your mind.

GARD
I guess that part is just taking longer.

BOBBI
No -- I can't read it at all.

A long beat; she's on to him. But then:

GARD
Oh, I think you can. Think hard. What am I thinking?

Gard unable to see her face in the shadows -- to know what she's concluding. Then she smiles.

BOBBI
You want to make love..

GARD
(a deep breath)
Exactly..

BOBBI
Oh, Gard, I've been so lonely.

In that instant, he feels a wave of affection for this old Bobbi. Elated, she reaches out of the dark to touch his hand. But when he looks down, her hand's not <u>human</u> anymore. It's jellylike, see-through.

BOBBI
What is it? Is something wrong?

He looks up to see her eyes in the shadows still -- larger, the pupils oddly misshapen -- looking at him questioningly.

GARD
No. Nothing.

BOBBI
I knew I could count on you.

GARD
You can.

Now she comes out of the darkness and is revealed. He can see <u>into her</u>: head and neck and breasts dimly transparent and

CONTINUED:

jellylike. Behind her forehead a quivering sac of mind -- strange, half-glimpsed green fluid circulating below the surface of her transparent face -- everything visible like one of those see-through Amazing Humans from science class.

BOBBI
Kiss me.

GARD
Yes.

He accepts her embrace -- the jellylike movement of her breasts and torso make him feel sick with revulsion -- as he moves with her into the darkness and they make love.

POST-LOVE MAKING - LATER

Bobbi's head on his chest as she smiles:

BOBBI
Just.. like old times.

GARD
Yeah, Bobbi. Like old times.

BOBBI
I told you I still loved you.

GARD
Prove it.

She looks at him questioningly -- how?

GARD (cont)
More than anything, I want to go inside with you.

BOBBI
In a few hours, we'll all go down together.

GARD
No. I don't want to share this with the others. We dug it up, and we should go in first.

BOBBI
Just you and me?

GARD
Forget the other pilgrims. No brass bands. No parades. Just the two of us. All right?

EXT. THE SITE - NIGHT

The MOON lights the thing's surface an even more ghostly

CONTINUED:

silver. Strange and very beautiful. Bobbi looks at Gard -- both clearly overwhelmed at the prospect of what they're about to do:

BOBBI
I stumbled over it, and I saw it, and I ran my fingers along it and blew off the dirt. One finger dragged through the dirt. And now this will change the world as we know it.

GARD
I feel like a kid about to go into a haunted house.

BOBBI
Excited.

GARD
Yeah.

BOBBI
And a little scared.

GARD
Yeah.

BOBBI
But good scared. Like a kid on Christmas morning.

GARD
It may kill me, but I want to give it a shot.

BOBBI
It won't kill you.

GARD
No?

BOBBI
No.

GARD
Are there ghosts in there? The ghosts of Tommyknockers past? Or are the real Tommyknockers themselves there, waiting for us? And just what are they, anyway?

Bobbi touches his hand -- with the calm of a believer:

BOBBI
Everything will be all right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They descend down the ravine toward the ship.

NEAR THE OPENING

A circular groove about six feet in diameter -- like a manhole cover. Next to it, an almost Chinese-looking symbol has been pressed into the metal of the ship. Gard looks at it, his voice crackling with excitement:

GARD
A creature who lived under the glow of a different sun conceived this mark. A different mind. What does it mean? No trespassing? We came in peace? Or is it a plague symbol, an alien version of ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE.
(a beat)
What do you say?

She looks back at him -- feverish, excited, too --

BOBBI
I say thanks, Gard.

GARD
Welcome.

BOBBI

puts her palm on the marking -- a thin screaming sound as if something rusted shut for a long time was now moving again with great reluctance and then

THE SYMBOL

breaks apart in curves, IRISING open --

ON BOBBI AND GARD

as the outrush of air from inside rushes past them. Gard closes his eyes. And then, after what seems an eternity:

BOBBI
It's okay, Gard, you can open them.

He does -- and sees

GARD'S POV - A CORRIDOR

perfectly round except for a flat ledge of walkway halfway up one side -- canted because the ship is at an angle. Soft light glows out of the round, featureless walls.

GARD

standing there, paralyzed as:

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
Are you coming?

GARD
Gonna try. Go on.

She steps in, ducking her head so as not to bump. He hesitates a second, then follows her into --

THE INSIDE HATCH CORRIDOR

As he steps in, putting a hand to balance himself on the wall, it feels as if every radio broadcast in the world momentarily SHRIEKS inside his brain.

Then it's gone -- simply gone -- dampened down to nothing.

Bobbi looks at him questioningly.

BOBBI
Are you okay?

GARD
(nodding)
Go on.

She does and he follows -- down the softly-lit green corridor -- making their way on their hands and knees down a TUNNEL into a second round interior hatch. She climbs in and he follows:

DOWN A LADDER

featuring widely spaced-apart rungs.

BOBBI

euphoric now, in the lead, taking in the web-like dips in each rung designed especially for the Tommyknockers' feet as

GARD

more uneasy as he looks at these same rungs and wonders about the aliens' feet -- or are they claws?

AHEAD

Bobbi reaches the end of the ladder and drops out of sight.

GARD

sweating, feeling claustrophobic but determined. He follows Bobbi's path -- a soft green glow up ahead -- and arrives in

THE CONTROL ROOM

Like a hexagonal chamber in a beehive in this interstellar

CONTINUED:

aircraft where no one has walked in centuries...where no human has walked before. At once primal and otherworldly -- imagine Spartacus gone grubby sci-fi, far more Giger than the bridge of the starship Enterprise.

Gard walks up the slope to

THE CENTER OF THE ROOM

What appears to be a telepathic steering wheel. A single thick cord comes out of a gasket on the floor, then splits into a half a dozen thinner cords, each ending in a set of things which look like EARPHONES with bulging centers. The similarity to the set-up at Bobbi's shed is unmistakable. Gard looks over to see

GARD'S POV - BOBBI

Standing with her back to him, looking into one of the far corners of the room.

GARD

joins her -- and gets his first glimpse of:

GARD'S POV - THE TOMMYKNOCKERS

Slung into the corner when the ship crashed and piled up like brown HUSKS so many centuries after their deaths.

GARD AND BOBBI

Moving closer to see

THE TOMMYKNOCKERS

Long-snouted, their six-fingered hands and feet like talons -- giant vultures with grotesquely long legs and lethal claws. From all signs -- slashes and cuts on their bodies, a circular bladed knife in one six-fingered hand, one creature's mouth imbedded in another's throat), they were fighting, trying to kill each other when they crashed.

GARD

stares at the ALIEN HUSKS in awe and revulsion.

GARD'S POV - BOBBI

stares with her new eyes at these, her summoning gods.

GARD

moves to get closer, to get a better look

GARD'S POV - CLOSER ON THE ALIENS

CONTINUED:

Ugly bastards -- perfectly preserved with their eyes filmed over to the whitness of cataracts, lips drawn back in snarls ... the skin on their dessicated bodies scaly but transparent .. frozen muscles laying in crisscross patterns around jaws, temples and necks. No teeth.

BOBBI

turns away and climbs toward a far wall where there's another round opening and boosts herself in.

GARD

follows to find her

ALONG ANOTHER CORRIDOR

peering through a rectangular port hole into

GARD'S POV - THE ENGINE ROOM

what was the ENGINE ROOM -- big metal blocks with pipes protruding from the ends, all leading off into other rooms.

GARD

continues along -- another porthole. Peers in

GARD'S POV - A SMALL SPACE

Like one of those fish tanks you in the walls of Chinese restaurants, and in it, in this BUBBLE just like Ev dreamed -- is little DAVEY BROWN. The boy sees him, crawls over to the glass and reaches out with his hand against the glass -- mouthing a silent help -- having trouble breathing.

ON GARD

horrified, unable to reach him, puts his hand on the glass against the boy's hand:

GARD
Hang in, kid -- hang in.

He continues alone down the corridor into

ANOTHER CHAMBER

Where he finds Bobbi in a tilted, lozenge-shaped room.

GARD'S POV - WHAT HE SEES

The room is filled with HAMMOCKS suspended in metal frames.

ANGLE ON GARD BEHIND BOBBI

confused -- what the hell are these? He moves closer

GARD'S POV - CLOSER ON THE HAMMOCKS

dozens if not hundreds of them. Strapped in are their dead occupants -- GALLEY SLAVES like some primordial vision out of Spartacus with cables running from each head into one larger coaxial cable that feeds back into the engine and control room -- the ship's drive!

GARD

overcome with horror, unable to censor himself, says aloud --

GARD
They're just like Pete -- and the others.

BOBBI
What?
(a beat, realizing)
You were in the shed last night.
(dawning on her)
You haven't changed. Haven't Become. It's all been a trick.
(the alien now)
What did you touch?

GARD
I used to touch you. I would have died for you.

But this appeal does nothing; she's a furious monster now:

BOBBI
What did you touch?!!

GARD
Nothing. I touched nothing.

BOBBI
Doesn't matter. You couldn't have done anything out there anyway.

GARD
Bobbi --

But she storms past him --

BACK INTO THE CORRIDOR

Gard following her past the engine room --

GARD
How could you have done that to Pete?! In God's name, he loved you more than anything in the world!

BOBBI
He helped me Become.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARD
And the others?

BOBBI
They gave us their strength.

GARD
(in despair and fury)
Not gave -- stole!

Not listening but unnerved, she heads back

INTO THE CONTROLROOM

Gard on her heels, trying to get through for all he's worth:

GARD
You're a vampire. That's all you are, you know, you and your goddamn Tommyknockers!

BOBBI
Leave me alone.

GARD
Don't you get it? They've been giving you these brain-boosters, but all they've been doing really is fattening you up -- to use you as living batteries!

BOBBI
Shut up.

GARD
Cruel, bored children -- impaling bugs on pins --

BOBBI
Shut up! Shut the hell up!

GARD
Bobbi, listen to me -- I don't care who or what has taken you over -- part of you has to be inside someplace. Part of you can hear me!

ONE OF THE ALIEN HUSKS

unseen by either Bobbi or Gard -- its EYES open with a leaf-dry rattle -- the milky cataracts clearing.

ANGLE ON GARD

He tries to reach her, to get through:

CONTINUED:

GARD
You can disintegrate people, you can run a small town on batteries like a toy, but it's the same as it always was: meet the new boss -- same as the old boss. I met the Tommyknockers and they were us!

BOBBI
No.

GARD
This is their power. This is what you're going to use to stop the nukes. Behold the future -- your precious Tommyknockers are cannibals! They're going to harness all of you up with those little wires and power themselves!

Her eyes glazed but confused and shaken, Bobbi clenches and unclenches her hands -- not wanting to hear:

BOBBI
No no no no NO!!!

THE ALIEN HUSK

Stirring now -- CLOSE on its TALONED FEET twitching with life -- CLOSE on its grayish-transparent claws clenching and unclenching.

ANGLE ON GARD

As he comes up behind her, using all of his power of persuasion to get her to see:

GARD
Don't you see, they're sucking all the life out of you.

And for the first time the old Bobbi hears him and questions:

BOBBI
The voices -- they told me --

GARD
They lied! Bobbi, they lied!

And with that, she whispers in horror:

BOBBI
I'm being eaten up..?

GARD
That's what the Becoming is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In that instant, the human part of Bobbi hesitates.

BOBBI
Lie -- it's all been a lie?

She looks at him with pain and fear and anguish -- realizing for the first time that he may well be telling the truth.

BOBBI
Gard?

GARD
Let's get the hell out of here!

There's a dry rustle in the corner. Gard looks over to

GARD'S POV - ONE OF THE ALIEN HUSKS

Definitely alive now after all these centuries of lying here in storage. Leaning up to a sitting position on the floor, its back to them.

ON BOBBI AND GARD

Watching in horror as

CLOSER ON THE ALIEN

Its head turns toward Bobbi, those no longer milky eyes looking up at

BOBBI

Her worst nightmare realized as

BOBBI AND GARD'S POV - THE ALIEN HUSK

Its head turns to reveal <u>it's taking on Bobbi's features!</u> Still weak but feeding off her, it comes to life, reaching out toward her as it speaks in that voice she first heard when the ship was just a little piece of metal:

ALIEN
<u>Come</u>.

BOBBI

instead of backing up, she reaches out in mirror symmetry to meet the alien's hand -- obeying its summons, caught in its hypnotic grip.

GARD

GARD
Jesus, Bobbi --

BOBBI

moves submissively toward the alien, answering the summons of her god.

GARD

as he spins her around --

GARD

No!

Only to see

BOBBI

right through her -- seeing her blood vessels and organs -- the Becoming just about accomplished as

GARD

turns in horror to see

THE HUSK

has her face now, her morphed features as it completes the take-over of her animus on its snout-shaped face.

GARD

grabs one of the other aliens' ancient weapons from the floor -- a large iron age knife. Thrusts it with all his might into

THE ALIEN

who falls backwards to the floor, its legs and clawed hands still twitching spasmodically at the knife in its stomach, its eyes furious in disbelief and hatred.

BOBBI

collapses.

GARD

grabs her in his arms and gets the hell out of there before the rest of the husks can come to life.

END OF ACT VI

ACT VII

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

A safe distance from the ship, Gard lays Bobbi down between the pines. As her eyes open, they're clear -- no green glow.

BOBBI
Gard?

GARD
Bobbi? Is it really you?

She smiles -- her old sweet smile. Weak but emphatically human -- the alien hold broken. He puts his arms around her, lays his face against her neck as tears run down her cheek:

BOBBI
Oh, Jesus, Gard.

He's crying, too. He kisses her.

BOBBI
..sorry.

GARD
Shh --- it's all right.

BOBBI
Forgive me.

GARD
It's no one's fault but my own.

BOBBI
We've got to shut it down. End it. Before they can regenerate.

GARD
Just us against all of them?

BOBBI
You and me. Together.

GARD
They'll kill us.

BOBBI
Not if I can help it.

INT. NANCY VOSS' BEDROOM - MORNING

As she wakes bed partner Delbert Chiles:

NANCY
I need doing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes her without preliminaries -- she bites his shoulder hard enough to bring blood -- snarling, clawing. Only for him suddenly to stop -- he's hearing something:

NANCY
What?

DELBERT
No! No! No! No! NO!

INT. THE SHED - DAY

All three figures in the stalls -- Peter, Ruth and now Ev, too -- seem dead -- floating lifelessly now. As the GREEN LIGHT pulses on the cobbled-together equipment, Gard watches Bobbi put the earplug of the Transformer into her ear:

BOBBI
First we'll save the boy.

But as she tries to access the computer with her mind, nothing happens -- the screen remains blank. She concentrates again. And again. Nothing. She takes out the plug in anguish.

BOBBI
It's no use. I'm too weak.

GARD
Let me try.

BOBBI
Gard --

He takes it from her:

GARD
Tell me what to do.

BOBBI
I think you'll be okay, but you know --

GARD
Yeah -- it might kill me.

He puts the plug in his ear -- like a newsman doing a live remote.

BOBBI
Clear your mind of everything else -- concentrate.

Nothing at first -- then the light starts to cycle and with it comes pain -- the light STROBING faster and faster -- the vein in his forehead pulsing, too, as the pain increases:

CONTINUED:

GARD
No!
(hands to his temples)
No, it hurts too much!

BOBBI
Ride it -- try to ride it!

It's still coming -- now like a battering ram in an awful crunch, it's splitting his head open --

GARD
I can't. Oh, Christ, make it stop!

BOBBI
Ride with it!

Just as he can't stand it another second, GREEN LIGHT zigzags across the circuit boards and cascades into him -- spilling out of his pupils like pencil-beams from a flashlight. And

ON THE VCR/COMPUTER SCREEN

ONE WORD appears --

PROGRAM?

GARD

turns to Bobbi behind him --

BOBBI
Think it -- think Davey Brown!

ON GARD

He thinks the boy's name. And

ON THE SCREEN

DAVEY BROWN

appears. And then:

CROSS-FILE WITH

GARD

doesn't know what to think/say. A beat as

THE SCREEN

fills up with 9s from top to bottom and side to side.

ON GARD

CONTINUED:

worrying he broke it..

ON THE SCREEN

As he thinks it, the words appear right from his mind:

OH JESUS, I BROKE IT

Then, an instant later, the words appear

CROSS FILE READY
READY
READY
READY

BOBBI

BOBBI
No, it's okay, keep going!

GARD

Hesitates, then think/types:

ON THE SCREEN

TRANSFER DAVEY BROWN

appears.

GARD

nods, getting the hang of it now.

ANGLE ON EV HILLMAN

As this attempt to save his grandson takes place, his lifeless eyes open.

THE SCREEN

asks:

WHERE DO YOU WANT TO PUT HIM?

ANGLE ON GARD

Looking up to Bobbi behind him -- wild-eyed, demented even:

GARD
Where do I put him? Where the hell do I put him?

BOBBI
Somewhere safe.

ON GARD

Thinking in David's destination.

THE SCREEN

WITH HILLY BROWN

Then the screen goes off -- blank again. No sign that the transfer is successful or not.

GARD
Did it work?

But before Bobbi can answer, we hear over his shoulder:

VOICE (OS)
Well, looky here.

He turns -- Delbert Chiles is training his bazooka on them:

CHILES (cont)
Look who's got his arm all the way down in the jam jar.

BOBBI
It's over, Chiles.

CHILES
And look at the traitorous bitch that's helping him.

Gard stands as fast as he can -- jamming the ear phone against Chiles' head.

GARD AND CHILES

They struggle -- Gard has surprise on his side but Chiles has strength and quickly overpowers him. He looks up to find Chiles standing with the weapon trained on him:

CHILES
I'm going to cook your goose.

BOBBI
Get away from him.

CHILES
And you, you bitch --
(an evil glint)
I'm gonna <u>nuke</u> you.

But as he's about to terminate them both, a hand comes around his throat -- Ev's HAND breaks out from the shower cabinet, choking him with the old man's last superhuman burst of strength. Chiles fires wildly and a beam of GREEN FIRE shoots from the bazooka -- but instead of hitting Gard or Bobbi, the beam swings upward and passes over them -- hitting the the ceiling -- instantly setting it ablaze.

Gard lunges forward -- struggles with Chiles for control of the weapon.

CHILES

Manages to pull the trigger again. Only for

BOBBI

to hit the barrel, realligning its direction away from Gard as it goes off and hits

CHILES

A sheet of green FIRE envelopes him -- surprised, he screams, trying to beat at the flames in shrieking agony.

ON GARD

watching the green aura surrounding Chiles --

GARD
Nuke you, you sonovabitch!

CHILES

disintegrates just the way Bent and Jingles did -- whoosh, pop, he's gone, and with him his bazooka.

ALL AROUND HAVEN

In dismay, pain, horror and then rage, the Havenites know what's happened and come for them. Nancy Voss. Freeman Moss in his rickety pickup with Elt Barker. Mabel Noyes. Marie and Bryant Brown in their car. On foot, on tractors, on motorcycles, etc. Their mind screams blanketing Haven like an air-raid siren as they converge:

MABEL NOYES
Everyone. Hurry! Stop him --

NANCY VOSS
Before he can do anything else!

FREEMAN MOSS
Before he can do anything to the ship!

The Night of the Living Dead zombies are coming for them.

INT. SHED - DAY

The dry wood slats of the roof burning, the fire spreading to the back wall and into the dry garden outside in back:

BOBBI
It's up to you now. You've got to end it.

GARD
How? Tell me and I'll do it.

CONTINUED:

BOBBI
You've got to fly it out.

GARD
Fly it? I might as well try to fly Air Force One.
(a beat)
I can't.

BOBBI
You can. It's the only way. Get to the ship and fly it out.

GARD
Bobbi --

BOBBI
You've got to hurry. They're coming.

She's right -- no time for farewells. He nods. Goes to the door, looks back over his shoulder --

GARD'S POV - EV, RUTH AND PETER

As Ev's eye slips shut and he is released from his torture -- the flames starting to engulf all three in flames.

ON GARD

as he looks for what will probably be the last time at

BOBBI

a last haunting glimpse:

BOBBI
You can do it.

EXT. THE SHED - DAY

As Gard comes out -- the fire's beginning to spread to the dry, overgrown summer garden. Gard hears:

NANCY VOSS
Stop him!

She and more of them are coming now -- up the driveway.

GARD

manages to make it to the Tomcat -- to throw it into gear and drive it

INTO THE GARDEN

As he goes through it -- the fire spreading quickly between him and them.

THE SHED PEOPLE

As they arrive -- dumbfounded and insanely furious:

DICK ALLISON
One man -- how could one man...?

FREEMAN MOSS
One stupid dog of a man...

NANCY VOSS
He killed Delbert. I heard him die.

They stand there in dismay -- for a moment paralyzed and without a leader.

NANCY VOSS
He's mine!

Insanely furious, she rushes into the smoke after him --

GARD - ON THE TOMCAT

Tremendous, baking heat around him now as the garden blazes into a green glowing inferno --

ON NANCY VOSS

as she comes after him -- only to find herself smack in the conflagration and consumed by the flames.

THE SHED PEOPLE

blocked -- standing in fury and dismay watching in furious, incredulous desperation that this is happening:

ELT BARKER
We will not be stopped by one man.
We will NOT!

MABEL
He's not going to get to the ship,
he's not, he's not!

ELT
Go around! Get him! Go around!

They rush to obey -- circling around the flaming garden.

INSIDE THE SHED

Burning now -- an inferno. Bobbi goes to the transformer. Puts on the earphones and tries again.

BOBBI
Please, oh God, please --

And this time the SCREEN beeps:

CONTINUED:

PROGRAM?

EXT. THE WOODS - DAWN

As Gard comes through it on the Tomcat -- speeding through the center of the smoke and flames, his hair almost on fire.

EXT. THE SITE - DAWN

As the Tomcat pulls out of the fiery woods now and up above the ship. Gard gets off -- looks behind him to see

GARD'S POV - THE WOODS

The fire's slowed his pursuers down, putting some distance between him and them. But they're coming -- the new and improved people of Haven desperate to stop him:

MABEL NOYES
Stop him before he can do anything to the ship --

ELT BARKER
GET HIM BEFORE HE CAN GET TO THE SHIP!

Coming at him from all sides ---

THE OTHERS
(a steady rhythmic cry)
GET HIM!
GET HIM!
GET HIM!

DOWN THE RAVINE

No time to descend carefully -- Gard hurrying down as fast as he can -- only to trip and almost break his neck -- his knee buckling -- the kneecap popping as he screams in agony. Looks above him to see

GARD'S POV - THE HAVENITES

seeing him down -- the chance they've been waiting for. Now they've got him.

CLOSE ON GARD

Trying to get up but in excruciating pain. Screaming again as he puts weight on his leg and falls again.

GARD'S POV - THE HAVENITES

murder on their minds -- Mabel Noyes positively feral in her toothless rage as they come down the hillside after him with their hammering litany:

CONTINUED:

HAVENITES
Stop him! Stop him! Stop him!

GARD

It's either give up now or go for it. Willing himself on:

GARD
Get up you bastard.

He manages to hop-stagger to his feet.

GARD
Get tough!

Tripping and stumbling and sliding -- sweating buckets and screaming in pain -- murmuring a litany of doggerel to help keep his mind off his agony:

GARD
Late last night and the night before
Tommyknockers, Tommyknockers,
knocking at the door --

GARD'S POV - BELOW HIM - THE SHIP'S OPENING

Still open.

ON GARD

looking back up

ON THE HILLSIDE

His pursuers gaining on him now --

SHED PEOPLE
GET HIM!
GET HIM!
GET HIM BEFORE HE HURTS THE SHIP!

AT THE HATCH

Still open -- Gard pulling himself in with every ounce of strength he can muster --

GARD
They look so quiet but they ain't dead --
You get that Tommyknocker flu inside your head --

GARD'S POV - FREEMAN MOSS

looking murderous, is right behind him.

GARD

pulls himself inside the hatch. There's another symbol on the inside wall. He slams his palm against it --

GARD'S POV - THE HATCH OPENING

Just in time -- irising closed on Moss just as he's about to get in. WHOOSH! It's shut. The slam of silence.

OUTSIDE THE HATCH

The Shed People pounding on it -- unable to follow.

ON GARD

GARD
Okay. Okay.

DOWN THE LADDER

As he makes his way down it --

GARD
Up to you, Gard-ole-Gard. Just you.

OUTSIDE THE SHIP

The townspeople clamour around the hatch -- touching it like pilgrims at Lourdes, at Mecca.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM

Gard spots the thick master cable coming out of the gasket in the floor leading to the slaves. Its other end splits off into eight thinner ones each ending in a set of HEADPHONES. He picks up one of them:

GARD
Please, God -- a little help.

Just then

A CLAWED HAND

thick and inhuman closes around his -- grips his and knocks the headset away from him.

GARD

looks up to see

ONE OF THE ALIEN HUSKS

Clearly the LEADER, the one who grabbed Gard's wrist. Murderous rage in his green eyes -- furious that this one man has dared to try to stop them. Claws and taloned feet twitching, he grabs

GARD

screams in pain as the leader's claws scratch right through his shirt into his chest. Then is thrown back against the wall of the engine room.

ABOVE HIM - THE ALIEN LEADER

is coming for him with extinction on his mind -- ready to tear him to shreds this time.

GARD'S POV - ON THE FLOOR

Next to him is one of the aliens' ancient weapons -- a large iron-age SCYTHE with a circular blade.

THE ALIEN LEADER

Reaches out with its lethal claws as

GARD

grabs the scythe and swings it in an arc with all his might -- decapitating the ALIEN.

THE LEADER'S HEAD

goes bouncing off as the rest of his body collapses to the floor, twitching, still moving and then spasms still.

THE HAVENITES

touch the hull of the ship -- only to find themselves reaching the same phase of the Becoming that Bobbi did -- starting to shrivel and wither as they lose their strength and animus as

THE ALIENS INSIDE

One after another, the HUSK CORPSES struggle back to life from the dead, courtesy of their human sources just outside the hatch. They're taking on their human host's features -- Mabel Noyes, Elt Barker, Freeman Moss, Dick Allison, Bryant Brown, etc.

INT. THE SHED

Fire all around Bobbi -- the shed going up in flames like kindling all around her -- parts of the roof collapse as she frantically tries to program the computer:

GARDENER

But the screen blinks back:

CANNOT ACCESS
CANNOT ACCESS
CANNOT ACCESS

BOBBI
Yes, you can -- damnit! Access him!

INT. THE SHIP

Gard puts the headset on and concentrates with all the mental strength he can muster -- the veins bulging out of his forehead, trying to access himself to power the ship.

GARD
(a prayer litany)
Don't let it be for nothing. Please God, don't let it be for nothing!

ALL AROUND HIM

The Tommyknockers are coming for him like zombies -- frantic to stop him from blocking their resurrection. There's a faint, grinding sound --

THE TOMMYKNOCKERS

hear it, too -- a grinding, squealing sound.

ON GARD

bearing down, his brow locked in a tremendous frown.

WIDER ANGLE - THE CONTROL ROOM

the lights getting brighter and flashing up to full bright as the engines start to kick in --

BENEATH GARD

the floor starting to vibrate.

ANOTHER ANGLE - GARD

as GREEN LIGHT starts to spill out of his eyes -- it's as if the Mississippi is running through his head at flood level.

THE TOMMYKNOCKERS

desperate now -- desperate to stop this one human standing in the way of their return to life.

ON BOBBI

desperate -- the fire around her consuming the three showers with Ev, Ruth and Pete -- if she doesn't get out of there soon, she's going to go up with it.

THE SHIP

moving -- the grinding sound of it pulling itself free of the bedrock which has held it so long --

ON GARD

GARD
Yes -- oh yes!

It's working.

THE ALIENS

freaking -- no, this can't be happening, no -- staggering backwards as

THE SHIP

Shuddering and rumbling and squealing -- begins to drags itself out of the earth's crypt --

ON GARD

bearing down harder --

THE HAVENITES

scramble back and up the hillside as

THE SHIP

rips at the earth -- the coarse thunder of breaking rock, an unearthly wailing as the rock weld which has held it prisoner for so long releases it --

THE SHIP

Up and out it comes, cutting the trench wider and wider -- birthing itself from the womb which had held it so long

ON GARD

giving it everything he's got as

THE SHIP

rises out of the trench out and out and up and up, a surreal metal missile rising like a Magritte rocket on a pillar of green fire. Rumbling out of the smoky trench -- daylight between the ground and the ship as the huge beast rises into the sky -- free after all these millenia.

GARD

his nose starting to bleed from the pressure, looks over to see

THE ALIENS

the velocity of the ship moving is too much in their weakened state -- their Becoming not yet accomplished. Losing their strength now, gasping as they find themselves unready and unable to combat the change in atmosphere.

ABOVE GARD

the blue sky -- coming up, and up -- the stars as

THE SHIP

escapes the earth's atmosphere now --

THE HAVENITES

all falling to their knees like Pilgrims witnessing a divine visitation as the ship goes up and up over their heads...

GARD

feeling as if his BRAIN had lifted off right through the top of his head -- experiencing a shrill, triumphant, crazy exhilaration as he cries at the same time -- in agony, his nose bleeding, the pressure on his brain ferocious but in utter defiant exultation as

THE SHIP

rises into the sky like a steel mountain of wall --

THE TOWNSPEOPLE

as they change back now -- returning from the victims of the Tommyknockers to themselves once again -- as we CUT BACK AND FORTH between them and

THE ALIENS

gasping like a bunch of tropical fish just after someone pulled the plug on the tank and killed the respirator -- dying from this change in pressure -- reverting to husks once again.

GARD

as the ship rises up and up and up.

THE TOWNSPEOPLE

clutching each other like children as the Becoming reverses.

THE SHIP

dwarfing the trees and landscape, filling more and more of the sky, blotting out the horizon, still coming up like it'll never end...

THE TOWNSPEOPLE

clutching each other, Bryant and Marie Brown hugging each other like children waking up from a bad dream now as the Becoming reverses with the ship gone, returning them back to human. Everyone with a peculiar dazed look in his or her eye, as though they had all awakened from a spell cast by a fairy tale witch.

BOBBI

it's too late -- the wires across the circuits are burning -- about to implode. She's got to get out or she's going to die.

THE SHED

A wall of flame as the door opens and Bobbi -- just in time -- emerges from it. A second later, there's an explosion within as the SCREEN implodes.

ON BOBBI

cheated -- unable to save him.

BOBBI
No! Damnit, NO! GARD!!!!!!

ON GARD

as the ship bursts into the stratosphere, his nose bleeding, in his last instant of consciousness --

GARD
Bobbi...

The screen bleeds to WHITE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DERRY HOME HOSPITAL - HILLY'S ROOM - DAY

Hilly still in his coma when, next to him, it appears to get lighter -- white, warming light. Then:

A VOICE
Hilly?

He wakes, turns over -- next to him in bed is Davey, as if he came back from nowhere

HILLY
Davey? Is that you?

He touches him -- it's Davey -- warm and solid against him.

DAVEY
Course it's me.
(snuggling into him)
Hilly, it was cold where I was.

HILLY
Was it?

DAVEY
Uh-huh.

Hilly puts the blanket around him:

HILLY
Better now?

DAVEY
I'm sleepy.

He settles into the crook of Hilly's arm. Then, half asleep:

DAVEY
We got to trade GI Joes tomorrow.

HILLY
You bet, kiddo. All of them. Davey, I'm sorry.

DAVEY
For what?

HILLY
I dunno. I love you, Davey.

DAVEY
(mumbling)
Love you, too.

But he's already asleep -- Hilly pulls the blanket up and safe around them, enveloping them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANDERSON/GARDENER LAND - NIGHT

A sole figure stands watching the night sky. It's Bobbi, and we move in CLOSE on her as she says aloud:

BOBBI
Gard.....

And out of the woods, a voice answers:

GARD
Looking for a man on horseback?

She turns to see him come limping out of the woods --

BOBBI
Is it really you?

GARD
It's me, all right.

The transfer <u>was</u> successful, she brought him back. She starts to cry -- so does he as they embrace.

BOBBI
You look like hell.

GARD
Yeah, well..

BOBBI
I thought I'd lost you forever.

GARD
There I was going out like John Wayne and the next thing I knew I was in the woods.

BOBBI
You fool -- you crazy stupid fool.

GARD
As always, that's why I came back -- for the compliments.

BOBBI
Promise me you'll never leave me again. Ever.

GARD
Promise.

BOBBI
Ever ever ever.

GARD
I promise.

As they embrace on this impossible promise we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT VII

END OF PART II

THE END